

*A
Magazine for
Lovers of
Good Reading.*

THE LIGUORIAN

May

1942

The Downfall of Dr. McGonigle

L. G. Miller

On Eating -- With Humility

E. F. Miller

Evading the Loan-Sharks

W. Murphy

The Glory of Glass

J. J. Dustin

A Trio of Mothers

L. F. Hyland

WAR AIMS:

What Shall We Fight For
P. 289

On Profiteering in War
P. 307

On Stopping Wars
P. 312

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AMONGST OURSELVES

Following upon the publication of the monthly *Examen for Laymen*, which should come along in book form any day now, THE LIGUORIAN is preparing to have published a large volume of the Catholic Anecdotes which have appeared in its pages over the past several years. There have been requests for such a book repeatedly; in fact we know some persons who have preserved all THE LIGUORIAN anecdotes in scrap-book style. In the new volume they will be arranged according to subject matter and thoroughly indexed so that speakers, writers, priests and instructors will be able to find what fits their need quickly. It may be a few months before the book finally appears (most of the time of the hard-working staff of THE LIGUORIAN has to be spent on current issues, don't you know) but we announce it this far in advance in order to whet appetites for its appearance.

* * *

More and more people are saying to us (at the cost of buttons popping off our vest) that though they originally subscribed to THE LIGUORIAN for some extraneous reason (like a desire to help a good cause, or friendship for one of the editors, or a generous mood, etc.),

they have found by acquaintance with it that it is a "must" on their reading list. Which pleases us greatly, but leaves a problem that continues to puzzle us: Must people think, when we speak to them about THE LIGUORIAN, that they are being "pulled in" or are being asked merely "to contribute to something," or being begged for a onesided favor? We'd like to know how to escape these suspicions. Of course sample copies may be sent out, but there is a limit to that when a magazine is published on as narrow a non-profit margin as THE LIGUORIAN. Nevertheless, to try to circumvent the problem we shall be glad to send samples to friends of present readers if the names are sent to us with just a hope that they will take to it without considering themselves under duress or pressure. As we said so often, our readers are our best agents and advertisers.

* * *

Greetings to all the mothers in THE LIGUORIAN circle. Reminders to all their sons and daughters to remember them on Mothers' Day. Greetings to one mother especially who is indirectly responsible for many of the pages in each issue. Happy, happy days!

The Liguorian

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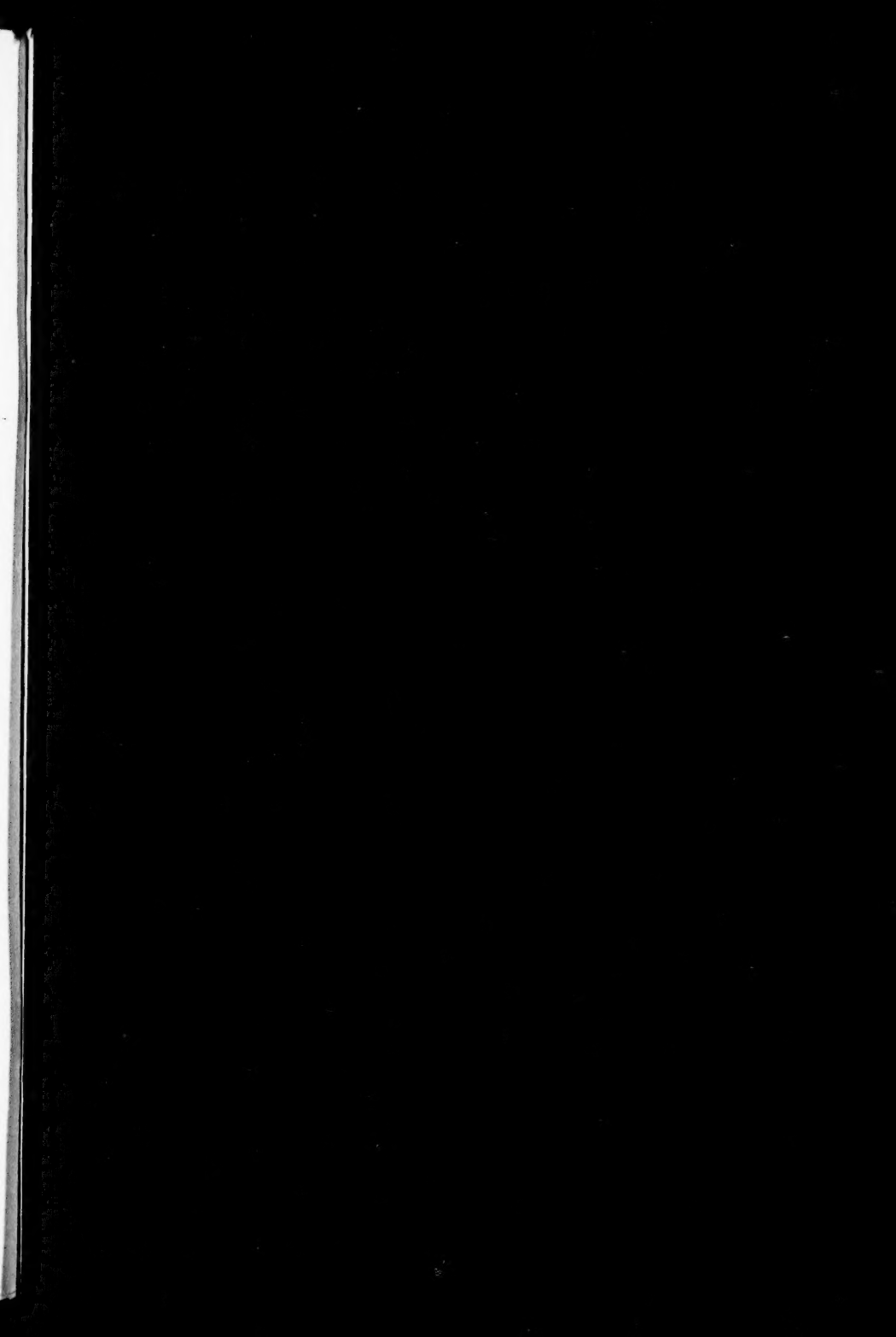
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CONTENTS

ARTICLES

Father Tim Casey, Junior	- - - - -	259
E. F. MILLER		
The Glory of Glass.	- - - - -	265
J. J. DUSTIN		
On Eating — With Humility	- - - - -	281
E. F. MILLER		
What Shall We Fight For?	- - - - -	289
D. F. MILLER		
To Movie-Goers	- - - - -	299
C. DUHART		
Evading the Loan-Sharks	- - - - -	303
W. MURPHY		

BIOGRAPHY AND FICTION

A Trio of Mothers	- - - - -	273
L. F. HYLAND		
Patrons for May	- - - - -	277
The Downfall of Dr. McGonigle	- - - - -	293
L. G. MILLER		

SHORT FEATURES

Easter Parade (Verse)	- - - - -	258
D. F. MILLER		
For Wives and Husbands Only	- - - - -	272
Thought for the Shut-In	- - - - -	280
Three Minute Instruction	- - - - -	288
Social Justice Forum	- - - - -	302

DEPARTMENTS

Sideglances	- - - - -	307
Catholic Anecdotes	- - - - -	309
Pointed Paragraphs	- - - - -	311
Liguoriana	- - - - -	316
New Books and Old	- - - - -	318
Lucid Intervals	- - - - -	320

EASTER PARADE

(In answer to those who have asked our opinion of the latest crop of women's hats)

This is the day of the hat parade
For dowager, matron, wife and maid;
This is the day when a brand new world
On the women's hats is at last unfurled!

Some have birds	Some are large —
That never flew,	Umbrella size —
Some have plants	Some are small
That never grew;	Like butterflies.
Some have fruits	Some have rims
Of tree unknown,	And some — a peak,
Some have flowers	Some proud crowns
From seed, unsown;	And others — meek.
Some have feathers	Some turn out
And some have quills,	Instead of in,
Some have a pair	Some need ribbons
Of dead birds' bills.	And some — a pin.

This is the day when the newest styles
Crowd the churches and cram the aisles,
When through the streets the ladies walk
And the color-camera sleuth-hounds stalk.

Over an ear	The clothes are nice,
Or over an eye —	The shoes are new,
A few sit straight,	But the hat's the thing
The rest — awry.	That dazzles you.
Some are felt	It may be a blob
And some are straw,	On a crest of hair,
Some drop veils	It may be a box
Around the jaw.	That is almost square;
Some give warmth	It may be round
And some give air,	And maybe flat —
Some show part —	But give a cheer
Some — all the hair.	For the Easter hat!

This is the day of the hat parade
For dowager, matron, wife and maid,
When the lowliest damsel takes a fling
At vying with all the glory of spring!

— D. F. Miller

FATHER TIM CASEY, Junior

FOREIGN MISSIONARIES

E. F. MILLER

FATHER TIM CASEY could have bitten right through a nail the size of a spike. There he was, confined to the hospital at a time when St. Mary's was going to have one of the grandest celebrations in all its grand history. And it was to be in honor of his own nephew, Father Tim, junior, ordained but a year before, and now, glory be to God, off for the foreign missions.

His having to stay in the hospital at such a time might not have been so bad if only he would have had a real man's disease. But measles! Imagine! Measles! He pleaded with the Sisters, cajoled them, promised them the steeple off his church if they would let him out, just for the evening of the celebration. But no. They were sweet, like angels indeed, but like iron angels. "Measles, you know, Father Tim," they kept saying to him, "are not to be trifled with." And they would smooth out the pillow and smile, yes, just like iron angels. Father Tim groaned and grunted, and reached for his rosary. He would settle the matter by offering up his sacrifice for young Tim's future work.

It was not really the foreign missions in the strict sense of the word to which Father Timothy Casey, junior, was assigned. Rather, it was Brazil, down in South America, which surely was distant enough—at least so his mother thought—but nothing like Africa or Tibet or some of those other places where Americans were laboring out of love for the Lord. Brazil was just around the corner, and Father Tim was eagerly anticipating the work he would do there. His boat was to sail from New York on the following Wednesday afternoon.

The parishioners of St. Mary's knew the young priest quite well, for he had gone through the parish grade school, and later on, had spent his vacations with "Uncle Tim" before ordination. And they liked him for his frankness, his ready smile, his kindness. That was why they arranged this farewell party for him—to shake his hand (meanwhile slipping a bit of a purse into it), and to wish him God-speed and good luck in his new labors. Just about the whole parish turned out, and while the speeches were going on, and young Tim, as the oldsters liked to call him—sat up there on the platform so tall

THE LIGURIAN

and eager and handsome, there were not many dry eyes in the audience.

But finally it came to an end; and after more farewells, most of the people left for their homes. Just a few remained behind — Johnnie Wisner, now practicing law with an ever-growing reputation; Mike Grady, just graduated from medical school; and Dan Higgins who didn't do much of anything but who now was working for a newspaper — these were the ones who remained behind. They had all gone to school with Tim when they were boys, and they were proud of their friendship with him. They found chairs and lit up cigarettes.

"IT'S a strange thing you're doing, Tim, a funny thing — going off to South America to work for people who are already converted. I see no reason for it at all." This was from Dan Higgins.

"That's because you haven't read up on the country," said Johnnie Wisner. "Why, they're as bad a lot down there as you'll find any place in the world. Priests and all. I've heard plenty on how they carry on. It's good you're going, Tim. Maybe you can straighten them out."

Father Tim looked puzzled. "Where did you get all this, Johnnie?" he asked.

"Where? Lots of places. We had a professor at the university who took a vacation 'south of the border' as he called it. And, believe me, his stories, if true, certainly are no credit to the church."

The young priest shook his head. "I hate to think of you fellows getting me started," he said, "for if you do, there's no telling when I'll stop. I'm garrulous, you know." He laughed. "I got for myself an awful reputation in the seminary. But honestly, Johnnie, I'm glad you put in 'if true,' for much of the stuff we read and hear about from people who make it a point to misunderstand the South Americans is downright piffle. It's like the man who went to Guadalupe some time ago for Our Lady's feast. After watching the people at their devotions for a few days, he came back to the United States and wrote a book on the *legend* of Guadalupe. Or, like that other supposedly learned author who reported that the peoples below the Rio Grande have merely made a transference of gods. In their pagan days they carried their heathen gods in procession on their feast days; now they carry their Christian gods. But it all comes to the same thing — superstition. That's nothing else but ignorance, the ignorance of the intellectually proud."

"Yes, yes, I know all that," said Johnnie impatiently. "It's the immorality I'm referring to. People living in concubinage and all that. It's the rottenness that one runs up against."

"I don't know whether your so-called rottenness is any worse than our rottenness here at home. Last year in the United States one out of every six marriages ended in divorce. It was the highest percentage of any country in the world. There are over a million divorced persons walking our streets right now. And many, *many* of them are remarried. That's immorality and concubinage, isn't it? Furthermore, you're going only on what you hear about South America. You were never there. You don't know a single divorced person or one single immoral priest on the whole continent. You're following authority alone. And your authority consists almost entirely of enemies of the Faith, or people who are not conversant with the facts."

"That's all very true, but still —"

"There isn't any 'still' about it. Listen. In all this world you won't find a people so great in its womanhood as you'll find in Latin America. That's why you'll see a Madonna on almost every corner in Brazil and Argentine, and the rest of the countries there. Nor is it something artificial, something that can be purchased in a beauty shop. The South American woman is Madonna-like in features because she is Madonna-like in soul. She can do wrong, it is true, but she can never be gross. Even though she be an outcast, no woman of Spanish blood falls or can fall to the utter vileness which haunts the slums, the divorce courts and the birth-control clinics of many a large English-speaking city. And it is no lie to say that she contributes fewer recruits to the outcast ranks than any other civilized woman. Can there be more immorality amongst people of that kind than there can be amongst people who see no beauty in womanhood except in the burlesque, the bathing beauty contest and the floor show?"

"**P**AY no attention to him, Father Tim," said Mike Grady. "He went to the wrong school when he started off at the State university. I tell him that right along, but he won't listen." When this remark did not bring forth an argument, he went on. "But what I don't see is this. Why do you want to go 'way down there? Isn't there enough to do here in our own country? The Negroes down south, and

the pagans in every part, why, they'd keep an army of priests busy, and still they wouldn't all be converted. Why not clean up our own back yard first."

Father Tim laughed as he snubbed out his cigarette. "I wonder what St. Paul would have said had you talked that way to him when he was about to set out on a missionary journey. At the time of his ordination there were only a few Christians in Palestine. Thousands of Jews remained to be converted. Yet, he left them, and went traveling throughout the whole known world in order to preach the Gospel. He was the first foreign missionary, and his work must have pleased the Lord, for he, through God, of course, worked innumerable miracles. That's the way it was with Francis Xavier too—in fact, with all the great missionaries. Work to do at home; but they went abroad. And it was their very sacrifice in leaving parents, friends and all, that brought an increase of faith at home. After all, it's God who gives the increase."

"But why go at such a time as this?" persisted Mike. "War and all that. We read in the papers every day that more and more chaplains are needed for the boys in the army and navy. I'll be needing one myself right quick, for my number has been called. Why not stay home and take care of us?"

"It's very likely," responded Father Tim, "that my going away will bring more chaplains to the army and navy than my staying ever would. It isn't mere *service* so much that saves souls as it is sacrifice. And the church tells me, if you'll pardon me for saying it, that going on a foreign mission is the supreme sacrifice that a young fellow can make."

JOHNNIE WISNER was leaning back in his chair, his hands behind his head. "To get back to my point, Tim," he said, "I think it's a good idea you've got in going to South America. You'll be in a position to bring a little civilization, a little Americanism to the natives you'll find there."

"Wrong again, Johnnie," answered Father Tim.

"What do you mean, wrong?"

"Just this. I'm going to a continent that is largely Catholic, although there are many thousands in the backwoods who have never seen a priest. It will be my job to make some of these real Christians. And I shall tell them that they have little to learn from my country, except to avoid

some of its mistakes, and that their own progress does not depend so much on the artificialities of our material civilization here in the north as it does on the development and application of the priceless faith that they received from the Spanish and Portuguese missionaries years before."

"Do you mean to say that you're not going to do anything to make South America understand the United States a little better, and to cooperate with the United States in plans and projects that are of interest to both?" asked Johnnie in amazement.

"I don't mean that at all. I am going to preach Christ. In so doing I am bound to bring credit to the United States in the eyes of the South Americans. I am bound to bring the two hemispheres closer together, for the spirit of Christ makes a good meeting ground for the nations. In fact, it's the best and only meeting ground for the divided nations of today. What have we in the United States done so far to make the people of South America appreciate our virtues even while they deprecate our faults? We sent movie stars, in more than one sense the least of our glories, down there to show South Americans what we in North America are like. The impression was not very good. Could you expect anything else? We sent moving pictures down there to show South Americans how we in North America live. Again the impression was not very good. The South Americans began to believe that we were a giddy lot of people with nothing else on our minds but night clubs and somebody else's wife or husband, with no ambitions but to make money, with no convictions in regard to the only realities that really count — eternity, God, immortality. And yet these realities were the very bone and brawn of their life. Then we tried to remedy the situation by sending them good-will ambassadors. They were to bind the two continents together by economics, trade and all that sort of thing. We would make their cities like cities in the United States, with all the mechanical contrivances that such cities have. We would build up friendship on the exchange of wealth. The ambassadors were skilled in the things they represented. They were cultured, smooth, broad-minded. But they represented the wrong things as a basis of international understanding and friendship. They did not know the mind of the Latin Americans because they did not know the meaning of God, of life, of death, of the soul. And so they, like the others, failed in wedding the

two Americas. Well, I'm going to be a new kind of ambassador — an ambassador of Christ. And I feel certain that even though I never mention the United States, and never say a word about imports and exports and money and all the rest, I'll get farther along in establishing good relations than all the others combined. I will be establishing the virtue of charity. And that holds for nations as well as it does for individuals. So do you think that the United States will lose out as a result of my missionary work?"

"**W**HEW," said all three young men together. "You got something there, Tim old boy."

Father Tim smiled. "I'll let you know how it works out when I get back."

"When will that be?" asked Mike Brady.

"Ten years from now. We get a vacation home every ten years."

"Whew," they said again. "What a man!"

And with that the party broke up.

—Homily In Stone—

* The pastor of an old Missouri parish years ago ordered a marble slab to be placed above the church door, bearing the inscription of St. Matthew, 21/13: "My house shall be called a house of prayer." The engraver on opening his bible at the place indicated, read the entire verse, and proceeded to chisel it upon the marble with many a flourish and line. When the worthy pastor saw the mistake that had been made, he was naturally somewhat surprised, but his kind heart would not allow him to send the marble slab back, so he carefully covered up the second half of the verse with putty. In the course of the months, the marble became somewhat weather-stained, and the putty became bleached and white in the sun. One morning the parishioners found to their surprise that the old inscription: "My house is a house of prayer" was followed by the startling admonition in snow white letters: "But you have made it a den of thieves."

*

Letters In Code

Letter from College Student: "Dear Dad: Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t of all. That\$ right. \$end it along. Be\$t wi\$he\$. Your \$on, Tom."

Dad's reply: "Dear Tom: *NO*thing ever happens here. We k*NO*w you like your school. Write us a*NO*ther letter. *NO*w I have to say goodbye. *Your Dad.*"

THE GLORY OF GLASS

Perhaps the outstanding feature of glass is the fact that it is something one can look through. Perhaps too, that is why it is seldom looked into, except as a looking-glass. There is romance in its story.

J. J. DUSTIN

SAILOR'S stew and crude glass are two items that scarcely appear on an ordinary dinner table; most people prefer their stew plain. For that matter, so did the band of hungry Phoenician sailors who stood centuries ago on a desolate, sandy sea-coast, gazing upon a startling phenomenon that took place during their evening repast.

Dinner for the king's navy was prepared, according to nautical custom, in a large, sooty cauldron, sunk in glowing coals. But on this particular evening, unmindful of the most sacred nautical customs, the scullery-chief had placed his cooking vessel on a heap of sand containing small deposits of alkali, viz., *sub-carbonate of soda*; and the union of the sand and the alkali when subjected to the bed of cherry-red embers resulted in what is technically known as a *vitrification*.

Pliny fails to describe the culinary qualities of the stew, for all eyes were focused on something more important. There in the silence of a calm sea-shore, at dusk, a band of hale, hearty, hungry Phoenicians had discovered the amazing common-place wonder of all ages to come — glass!

Glass, this new friend of humanity, was not long in making its way around the ancient world. Glass rings soon dangled and sparkled from the ears of copper-colored Egyptians, while glass beads gracefully dotted the more fashionable oriental attire. Although Phoenician history dates back only to 2000 B.C., Egyptologists claim that glass found a place in Egyptian every-day-life as early as 5000 or 6000 B.C., and was sold to the commercial world in the form of imitation jewels and other ornamental trinkets. In some of the most ancient Egyptian tombs, scarabs of glass have been unearthed that resembled with amazing exactness, rubies, emeralds, sapphires and similar precious stones. Today every Woolworth's "five and dime" maintains a unique counter, glittering with glass diamonds, rubies, etc.; it may be a con-

solation to know that the same kind of show-off jewelry appealed to human beings seven and eight thousand years ago. Shark merchantmen, quick to recognize a "good thing," passed off their cut and colored glass as gems of great price. The Nile Valley became one of Egypt's largest glass centers.

"All roads lead to Rome," the saying goes, and the trail of glass was no exception. Italy eventually became the world's center of glass-making. In the days of the Caesars, even the Roman proletariat quaffed their wine from glass cups and feasted from glazed plates, which were sold on the streets of that great city for a few copper coins. With the flight of the Roman Eagle, the use of glass spread to every part of Europe. Before long, the more humble provincial inhabitants of Spain and Gaul were erecting glass-works and glazing the first crude panes of glass for general use in windows and doors.

HISTORIANS maintain a solemn silence as to the origin of window-glazing. The very first man to peer through a window, according to more recent records, could have tried his noble experiment no earlier than 306 B.C. It is certain that window-glass making was known in England during the life of St. Venerable Bede; one Benedict Biscop built a magnificent church on the banks of the Wear and Tyne in which he used glass. Glazed Gothic windows graced the towering walls of this edifice, and the illiterate and ignorant country-folk were astounded — they could not understand how any substance could at the same time exclude rain and wind and yet admit the cheery sunlight.

But window-glazing as a real art sprouted forth in full bloom with the erection of the magnificent churches and cathedrals of the Middle Ages. It was at this period that "stained glass" reached its ultimate perfection. A vitally important discovery, the first of its kind, was made at Limoges in France where a Venetian colony of glass-workers had settled in the year 979. They standardized a scientific process of painting glazed plates with metallic pigments that fused themselves into the very substance of the glass. One of the first to utilize this great discovery to any considerable extent was the great twelfth century promoter of ecclesiastical architecture, the Abbot Suger.

Wherever there is sand and alkali, fire and patience, glass can be made. The glass industry was one of America's successful enterprises.

THE LIGURIAN

A glass factory was put up in Jamestown, Virginia, in 1608. But it was not until the year 1860 that Americans made their first attempt to manufacture *plate glass*, a special, durable, "double-duty" glass now used for store-windows, revolving-doors, show-cases, wind-shields, etc. At Lenox, Massachusetts, many experiments were tried, but were not successful, so that until after the Civil War, practically all of the plate glass used in this country had to be imported. But about 1870, Captain John B. Ford became interested in the project of manufacturing America's own "home grown" plate glass, and inaugurated the nation's first commercially successful plate glass plant in New Albany, Indiana.

Since those very early days, the making of glass has advanced so rapidly that its products are now commonplace and people hardly give a thought to the great part it plays in comfortable living. Few people ever take the trouble to visit one of those mammoth plants, as large as steel mills, where the crude materials, sand, soda, and lime, are merged into a mixture according to precise laboratory *formulae* and then consigned to roaring furnaces. Unknown to thousands is the thrill of watching a scarlet flow of molten glass as it is poured into divers moulds where it is pressed into thousands of indispensable commodities of daily use for the home, office, factory, power-plant, hospital, and the armed forces of National Defense. They buy their glassware, completely unmindful of the romantic history and process that make it possible.

ROGER BACON, the great thirteenth century inventor, enriched the science of optics by means of glass. By grinding and polishing glass lenses according to prescriptions learned through countless experiments, he developed a successful means of aiding defective vision. He called his invention *spectacles*. Today, six centuries later, thousands of Americans are wearing spectacles; but now, thanks to still further progress, many of them are entirely invisible. Men and women afflicted with faulty vision need no longer wear dignified *pince-nez* or scholarly horn-rims; instead, if they wish, they may wear a thin shell of glass attached by suction to the eyeball itself, which makes it possible to engage in athletic games and other vigorous exercise that the wearing of external glasses might interfere with.

Early in the seventeenth century, the Dutch optician Liperhey

THE LIGURIAN

ground a lens for the first telescope. The world stood amazed at this new means of astronomical research. Now, thanks to the ever-upward march of the glass industry, the nation's best astronomers on Palomar Mountain, near San Diego, will soon be able to penetrate the secrets of the Milky Way with a gigantic masterpiece of glass-craft. A two-hundred inch mirror, six or seven hundred thousand times as keen as the human eye, is expected to reach out three times as far into space as the world's largest previous telescope, and bring into vision billions of stars that have never before been witnessed.

The telescope, of course, brings to mind another invention connected with glass, namely the mirror. The first mirrors in history were nothing more than a thin disk of bronze, slightly convex on one side, and highly polished. But looking-glasses as known to the world today, date from a much more recent period. Their exact origin is not clearly known. In the twelfth century they were almost universally made by applying a coat of tin-foil amalgamated with *mercury* to the surface of a piece of plate glass. In 1835, Baron Von Liebig first discovered a more scientific method of silvering mirrors, and the present day progress along these lines is responsible for the fine plate glass mirrors that grace the walls of restaurants, theater lobbies, and modern clothing stores. The mirror, of course, is the basis for such highly technical war instruments as the periscope, gun-sight, etc.

Thomas A. Edison, the American wizard of scientific research and invention, discovered the incandescent lamp, but it was not without the use of glass. Inventors have from the beginning recognized the utility of glass in the field of electrical progress. Glass is used in mounting heavy wires on telegraph poles; glass, frosted on the inside, is indispensable for efficient electric light bulbs that will not turn yellow with age, or become finger-marked with handling. To the uninitiated, a radio with its numerous grid-tubes and condensers seems to be no more than a box containing a number of glass gadgets. Electrical equipment of every kind uses a great deal of glass.

HOSPITALS and scientific laboratories owe much to the glass manufacturers for the help they have given them in their great work for humanity. Sturdy bottles for medicines, ampoules for serums, glass-slides for microscopic work, graduated beakers and test-tubes for experimentation, crystal pure glass for X-ray therapy, as

well as scientifically tested plate glass for operating-rooms, where natural and artificial lighting must ever be at its very best, — these are only some of the contributions of glass to the health of humanity.

Glass tape is the latest thing in insulation. It comes in forty-inch rolls and is manufactured by the Industrial Tape Corporation. A fiber glass with adhesive properties, it was originally meant for use as a pipe insulation. However, the electrical industry has found a valuable place for it wherever a flexible glass tape is required.

In recent months, the owners of home sound-recording machines have been successfully using "glass records," thereby replacing the aluminum and plastic discs. These high-quality sound-recording blanks have a plate glass base. They are only one-tenth of an inch thick and prove to be as sturdy and durable as the ordinary commercial phonograph record.

Glass was once considered a delicate thing, something to be handled with "kid-gloves." Of course delicate "stem-ware" is still made but glass can also be made to stand the same tests as sturdy metals. The Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company in one of its recent catalogues announces the manufacture of a very special glass called "Herculite." It pictures a large strip of this new kind of glass laid across two wooden horses and withstanding the strain of one thousand pounds. Moreover, houses made of glass bricks and blocks, filled with soft light from all directions, economical to keep warm, cheap to build, and requiring no paint, are no longer a wild speculation, but a happy reality.

In the school-room, where scientific day-lighting is of the utmost importance, special glass is now used which reduces the glare to a minimum, and still gives an adequate supply of light. Another rather unique discovery in this line is the "glass chalkboard in colors." This new product of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company is called "Nucite," and is put out in three standard colors (ivory, green and black) in order to afford more variety to the teacher in planning color- and lighting-schemes. While fulfilling its prime purpose of lessening the eye-strain of adolescent pupils, "Nucite" is extremely valuable in adding to the teacher's pedagogical "bag of tricks."

The invention of "glass wool" produced very striking results in the textile industry. Glass wool is made by forcing molten glass through minute orifices under terrific pressure, producing an extraordinarily tough substance. The wool is then spun into yarn and woven on stand-

THE LIGUORIAN

ground a lens for the first telescope. The world stood amazed at this new means of astronomical research. Now, thanks to the ever-upward march of the glass industry, the nation's best astronomers on Palomar Mountain, near San Diego, will soon be able to penetrate the secrets of the Milky Way with a gigantic masterpiece of glass-craft. A two-hundred inch mirror, six or seven hundred thousand times as keen as the human eye, is expected to reach out three times as far into space as the world's largest previous telescope, and bring into vision billions of stars that have never before been witnessed.

The telescope, of course, brings to mind another invention connected with glass, namely the mirror. The first mirrors in history were nothing more than a thin disk of bronze, slightly convex on one side, and highly polished. But looking-glasses as known to the world today, date from a much more recent period. Their exact origin is not clearly known. In the twelfth century they were almost universally made by applying a coat of tin-foil amalgamated with *mercury* to the surface of a piece of plate glass. In 1835, Baron Von Liebig first discovered a more scientific method of silvering mirrors, and the present day progress along these lines is responsible for the fine plate glass mirrors that grace the walls of restaurants, theater lobbies, and modern clothing stores. The mirror, of course, is the basis for such highly technical war instruments as the periscope, gun-sight, etc.

Thomas A. Edison, the American wizard of scientific research and invention, discovered the incandescent lamp, but it was not without the use of glass. Inventors have from the beginning recognized the utility of glass in the field of electrical progress. Glass is used in mounting heavy wires on telegraph poles; glass, frosted on the inside, is indispensable for efficient electric light bulbs that will not turn yellow with age, or become finger-marked with handling. To the uninitiated, a radio with its numerous grid-tubes and condensers seems to be no more than a box containing a number of glass gadgets. Electrical equipment of every kind uses a great deal of glass.

HOSPITALS and scientific laboratories owe much to the glass manufacturers for the help they have given them in their great work for humanity. Sturdy bottles for medicines, ampoules for serums, glass-slides for microscopic work, graduated beakers and test-tubes for experimentation, crystal pure glass for X-ray therapy, as

well as scientifically tested plate glass for operating-rooms, where natural and artificial lighting must ever be at its very best, — these are only some of the contributions of glass to the health of humanity.

Glass tape is the latest thing in insulation. It comes in forty-inch rolls and is manufactured by the Industrial Tape Corporation. A fiber glass with adhesive properties, it was originally meant for use as a pipe insulation. However, the electrical industry has found a valuable place for it wherever a flexible glass tape is required.

In recent months, the owners of home sound-recording machines have been successfully using "glass records," thereby replacing the aluminum and plastic discs. These high-quality sound-recording blanks have a plate glass base. They are only one-tenth of an inch thick and prove to be as sturdy and durable as the ordinary commercial phonograph record.

Glass was once considered a delicate thing, something to be handled with "kid-gloves." Of course delicate "stem-ware" is still made but glass can also be made to stand the same tests as sturdy metals. The Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company in one of its recent catalogues announces the manufacture of a very special glass called "Herculite." It pictures a large strip of this new kind of glass laid across two wooden horses and withstanding the strain of one thousand pounds. Moreover, houses made of glass bricks and blocks, filled with soft light from all directions, economical to keep warm, cheap to build, and requiring no paint, are no longer a wild speculation, but a happy reality.

In the school-room, where scientific day-lighting is of the utmost importance, special glass is now used which reduces the glare to a minimum, and still gives an adequate supply of light. Another rather unique discovery in this line is the "glass chalkboard in colors." This new product of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company is called "Nucite," and is put out in three standard colors (ivory, green and black) in order to afford more variety to the teacher in planning color- and lighting-schemes. While fulfilling its prime purpose of lessening the eye-strain of adolescent pupils, "Nucite" is extremely valuable in adding to the teacher's pedagogical "bag of tricks."

The invention of "glass wool" produced very striking results in the textile industry. Glass wool is made by forcing molten glass through minute orifices under terrific pressure, producing an extraordinarily tough substance. The wool is then spun into yarn and woven on stand-

ard textile looms. Housewives may now wear glass dresses, hang glass curtains on their windows, and have glass rugs placed on their floors.

BUT the most startling discovery is the recent "elastic glass." Elastic glass is a substance that has the appearances of glass, the elasticity of rubber, the resistance to water of a piece of paraffin, and is entirely immune to perspiration, alcohol, oils and solvents. Though transparent, it can be transformed into such colors and tints as garnet, sapphire, emerald, amber, black, and white. Garters, belts, luggage, handbags and such things are now being manufactured from this new substance and enjoy a wide popularity.

In factories where safety, economy and precision are the catch-words of successful production, glass is now proving its vital utility. A new kind of glass called "blue glass" adds to the greater protection and clearer visibility of welders. This new product is compounded with the purpose of filtering out injurious rays of light emitted in bronze and aluminum welding. Welders claim that they can see their work much more easily through the "Alubro-Weld" lenses, and that consequently the flow of metal onto the weld can be managed with greater precision and accuracy.

And glass will soon be coming to its own in the airplane industry. Even now our Army and Navy pilots, almost surrounded by a specially prepared glazed shielding, are being styled "soldiers in glass houses." Linen and cotton fabrics are excellent covering materials, but they have certain draw-backs and it is now a known fact that wings covered with glass cloth have already been used on the light Taylorcraft planes. This cloth does not shrink or stretch with the action of moisture, cannot deteriorate, and suffers no change with the temperature. It is a non-absorbent material, and hence sleet, rain, and snow cannot add extra weight in heavy flying weather. Perhaps the day will come when every airplane will have wings and fuselage covered with this new valuable material.

Thus the romantic history of glass has by no means reached its end. Ever since those first crude vitrolized beads appeared on the Phoenician cauldron, glass has become a common and almost indispensable element to the comfort and enjoyment of everyday life. Men, great men, who have been working with glass in these past years of rapid progress, look forward to an even greater future for this magic combina-

tion of sand, heat and alkali, hopeful that as a science-loving humanity goes ever onward in the parade of progress, the highly developed art of glazing will lead the "forward march."

THE ideal dream is one that pictures houses built not just with glass bricks and glazed blocks, but also with glass woodwork, moulding, and door-stops that can be sawed, chiseled, nailed or run off on a lathe. Streets paved with glass! Filling-stations supplying gasoline to glass-wool-insulated automobiles from glass service pumps! Glass everywhere shimmering, everywhere shining with a brilliant, luminous sheen, making the world a more pleasant, more cheery, more happy home for all! The dream is, perhaps, utopian, but the "glazed trail" winding and weaving as it has through the labyrinths of past centuries, has yet to lead the scientific world to a dead-end street.

The Cult of the Dog

Not the least important indication that there is something diseased about our modern civilization is the way in which dogs have been elevated to a plane above the human. If you don't find the following instances from an old *Liberty* disgusting, it can only be because your canine pet has blinded you to the fitness of things.

News item, 1937: Dogs have public "rest rooms" at filling stations, notably in Danbury, Connecticut.

In Freehold, New Jersey, a dog was awarded 50 dollars damages for loss of hearing.

In Coral Gables, Florida, September 13, 1937, it was decided that a German police dog was within his rights in "playfully" drowning Mrs. Louise Jones in the Tamiami Canal, and that the dog should not be killed.

In New York City, April 16, 1937, the court deemed it justifiable homicide when one man murdered another for kicking a dog.

Dogs are legatees of estates and pay inheritance taxes. Inheritance tax paid by a dog in Sacramento, California, in 1939 was \$545.05. In Philadelphia, Pa., recently a lady inherited \$9,789.50 from a dog.

Oculists now fit dogs with glasses, dentists fill their teeth; tailors make clothes for them; jewelers decorate their trappings with costly gems. Bonbons and perfumes are manufactured specially for dogs and by special formulas. Dogs have their own stationary, including letterheads. In Florida a short time ago a dog was given a college degree.

FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY

D. F. MILLER

Problem: Could you give me some suggestions as to how a husband can reconcile himself to the almost uninterrupted "club life" his wife is leading? Organizations, societies, luncheon groups, card clubs, civic committees, literary circles — she's in them all. When she isn't out of the house or entertaining at home, she's at the 'phone calling by the hour. What can a man do?

Solution: Your problem is not unique. There are many married women who ruin their homes, their husbands and themselves by this feverish and constant external activity. The causes may be put down, in the order of importance, as follows: 1) Birth-prevention, resulting in childless or almost childless homes, by which women find themselves driven to expend the energies God gave them for motherhood on vain external affairs. 2) Too much wealth and therefore too much leisure, so that even mothers of sizeable families can let the servants do most of their work (even that which only a mother can rightly do) and be free to travel around the neighborhood and the country in "club work"; 3) the terrific appeal of social prominence created for the average woman by the newspaper cult of "society" and all its works and pomps. This last leads back to birth-prevention again: once the "society" bug has bitten a matron, the real purposes of marriage can be flung aside like last month's hat.

This is not to say (as someone will accuse) that we believe married women are to be drudges and slaves, tied everlastingly to washtub, sink and cooking stove. There should be some external activity in every woman's life; especially single women, married women who are childless through no fault of their own, and older women who have capably raised their families, should have a diversity of interests and a participation in cultural, civic and extra religious activities according to their capacity and taste. But the culpably childless wife and the child-neglecting mother, for all their prominence, are among the decadents of our civilization.

What can a husband do? I should say this: if you are responsible for childlessness in your marriage, or if you are an absentee, gadabout, man-about-town sort of husband or father, you have no just complaint. If you are not responsible, you have this to do: Recognize the fact that your wife is leading an unnatural life like hundreds of other women; they are the product of false principles that have permeated modern society; there will be no change, in your wife or in any other woman, until true principles are restored to a place of honor. That means principles of reason and principles of faith delivered to us by Jesus Christ. Join one organization yourself that is dedicated to the restoration of these principles (such as the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Legion of Mary, Catholic Action Club, etc.) and put your life's energy behind it. You may be able to save at least some husbands of the next generation from home-wrecking, club-ridden, society-mad wives.

ETCHINGS FROM LIFE

A TRIO OF MOTHERS

L. F. HYLAND

1.

"MY MOTHER," said the little girl with the round eyes and professionally perfect ringlets in her hair, "is very beautiful. She has the most beautiful dresses in the world, and rings and bracelets and necklaces that shine like stars. I heard a man say to her once: 'You are the most beautiful lady in the world.'"

"Does she wear her beautiful dresses and her bracelets and things when she is putting you to bed?" asked a little lady of nine, who sat with her and a third girl of about the same age on a bench in the park on a Sunday afternoon.

The first speaker turned scornfully upon her questioner. "Oh," she said, "My mother doesn't get my lunch or put me to bed. The maid does that. Her name is Rose and I love her very much. My mother has to go to meetings and parties and things like that. And sometimes she has to go to Florida and to stay there for three months."

"Then," said the third little girl, "You don't see your mother very often, do you?"

"My mother told me she is going to give me the best of everything. She doesn't need to see me very often. But she thinks of everything. I get new coats and dresses and shoes whenever I need them. And Rose is always home to take care of me in every way. She is very good."

"Then do you see your father very often?" asked the second girl.

"My real father is gone away. He and Mommy did not like each other. So he left Mommy and she got another father for me. He's my step-father. He has loads and loads of money. But he goes out with Mommy most of the time, or else he is away on business. But I don't care. I don't like him. My mother says I must like him because he buys me all my new dresses and things, so I just make believe I like him. When he kisses me I always think of something else. He's got a big wart on the side of his face, and some smelly stuff on his hair that makes me sick. I just can't like him, but I don't tell my mother that."

"Do you like your mother very much?" asked one of the girls, shyly.

THE LIGURIAN

"Yes, because she's so beautiful. But I like Rose better, and when I grow up I'm going to be like Rose. I asked her what I have to do to be able to take care of little girls when I get big like she takes care of me. Do you know what she did when I asked her?"

"No. What?"

"She started to cry. And then she kissed me and said I have to be very good and that I have to pray not to be real rich. So when I get big, if Mommy gives me any money, I'm going to give it all away and take care of somebody's little girl."

2.

"MY MOTHER," said the second little girl, "is not my real mother at all. I've had three mothers, and my father says he hopes the one I got now will be the last one."

"Which one did you like best?" asked the first little girl.

"I didn't know my first mother very well. She went away when I was so little that I can't hardly remember her. Once in a while she comes back to see me, and then she tells me she's my real mother. She kisses and hugs me but I never know what to say to her. Then after a little while she goes away again."

"Did you know your second mother?"

"Yes. My father says she was just a gold-digger. I asked him what that meant and he said that all she wanted was his money. She wasn't very good to me. She never wanted to buy me any toys or new clothes, and she got mad at my father whenever he spent any money for me. They had a big fight one day and then she went away and never came back again."

"What did your father do then?"

"He put me in an orphan home and went away too. Then after a long time he came back with another lady and said she was my new mother and that he was taking me out of the home. I cried because I liked the home and the Sisters and the other girls and didn't want to leave. But they took me away."

"Is your new mother good to you?"

"She's awfully good when father is there, but when he is gone she slaps me sometimes and calls me bad names. Then she says that if I tell my father she will beat me as hard as she can. I don't like her. I wish I were back in the Sisters' home."

"But wouldn't you hate to leave your father?"

"No, I wouldn't. You see my father doesn't like me as much as he does my third mother. He waits on her and he won't wait on me. He's afraid of her too. When she gets angry he goes over and kisses her, but when I cry he just says I should shut up. Some day I'm going to run away and ask the Sisters to take me back to their home."

3.

"I DON'T ever want to leave my mother," said the third little girl, with tears in her eyes at the very thought. "My mother is beautiful, but she hasn't very many beautiful clothes. My mother says she can't buy me everything she would like to, but I love her more than anything in all the world."

"But," said the first little girl, "don't you have a maid to take care of you when your mother is gone away?"

"My mother never goes away. Oh, she goes downtown sometimes, but then mostly she takes me along. When I come home from school, she is always waiting to kiss me and give me some bread and jam. And when I go to bed at night she always helps me get undressed — even though I can do it all by myself. Then she says my prayers with me, and kisses me after I get into bed."

"But doesn't your mother ever have any fun?" asked the first little girl again. "My mother says that her nerves would go to pieces if she didn't go out to parties and things."

"Oh, we have lots of fun at home. My mother says it's fun to sew and she teaches me how. She says it's fun to keep the house neat and clean, and we make a game out of it. My mother likes to tell stories too, and I like to listen, and she tells me the most wonderful things about the little Jesus and His Mother and the saints. We have lots of fun."

"Doesn't your mother ever slap you, and tell you to shut up?" asked the second little girl, thinking of her step-mother.

"If I do something bad she slaps me and tells me I must never do it again. Then when I cry she begins to cry too, and then I tell her I'm sorry and won't do it again. Then she kisses me and says that she's glad I'm a good girl again."

"I think your mother must be wonderful," said the first little girl.

"I wish I had a mother like that," said the second little girl.

THE LIGUORIAN

The third little girl mused for a while. Then she brightened up and said: "I guess it's because my mother loves God so much that she is so good. She told me that I was God's child, and that she was only taking God's place in loving me, and that she would rather die than hurt God. She always says that's why she wants me to be good. And that's why I want to be good too."

Almost simultaneously, the first and second little girls said: "Can we go home with you some time—and—and—see your mother?"

Please Get Out of the Way

- If you think it is smart to beat rationing —
won't you please get out of the way?
 - If you think that now is the time to "get yours" —
won't you please get out of the way?
 - If you think that your community is more important than the
U. S. A. —
won't you please get out of the way?
 - If you are sure that your strategy is the only one that will win
the war —
won't you please get out of the way?
 - If you are an emergency officer and cannot find a tin hat that
will fit you —
won't you please get out of the way?
 - If you are a gossip who simply must peddle the "very latest"
comfort to the enemy —
won't you please get out of the way?
 - If you think it is patriotic to use the desperation of Pearl
Harbor and the courage of Bataan to advertise your
"indispensable" product —
won't you please get out of the way?
 - If you are a publisher who thinks that more "scare-heads" and
more "extras" than your competitors will win the war —
* won't you please get out of the way? *
 - If you are a politician who thinks that a state of war is a
heaven-sent opportunity to "put yourself in solid" —
won't you please get out of the way?
 - If you are an officer in the service and you think more of your
next promotion than of doing your job —
won't you please get out of the way?
 - If you are an American who thinks sacrifice is something they
ought to keep to the baseball fields —
won't you please get out of the way?
 - If you think you have done your bit by standing for the Star
Spangled Banner —
won't you please get out of the way
- AND LET AMERICA WIN THE WAR!

PATRONS FOR MAY

A PATRON FOR MUNITION MAKERS

(*St. Dunstan, May 19*)

IN THIS day of "all out" production of defense materials, when the factories hum with activity, and when munition makers are doing their utmost to "keep 'em flying," it is worth-while knowing that a saintly Englishman is revered as the patron of munition-makers. St. Dunstan was everything from a bell-hop to an archbishop during his well-spent life; but he lives with us today because of his expert competence as a metal worker.

The *Acta Sanctorum* records that he did not hesitate to use his craft on the devil himself. One day young Dunstan was bent over his desk writing an assignment for his professor. Like all good students he was much too preoccupied and did not notice that the devil in human form had come in to tempt him. Suggestive thoughts and pictures obscured his thesis. But when Dunstan found his quill scratching words across the page that had a hellish taint to them, he rose slowly from his desk and walked to an open fireplace where a pair of long pincers was being heated. He snatched it from the fire and without warning branded an "H" on the devil (as if to remind him that his home was in Hell and that it would be best for him to retire thereunto and stay there), and then brushed the dirt from his hands as he watched his visitor scuttle through the nearest exit.

Whether fiction has found a place in the story or not, matters little. The fact is the incident portrays Dunstan with all the characteristics of a God-fearing munition-maker. It is a fact that in his more mature years he was gifted with a singular talent and skill in metal work and that he turned out more than one shield for the warrior knights of his day.

Here is a patron for munition-makers who is worthy of the title. He will provide little comfort for those who enrich themselves by making instruments of war; he made weapons and tailored armor only for just men, fighting in just causes. And what is more, he could use the most effective weapon at hand when attacked by the worst enemy of all — the devil. For us a pair of red hot pincers may be outmoded as a weapon of defense. Why not try a pair of prayers?

THE LIGURIAN

THE PERFECT SOLDIER

(*St. Joan of Arc, May 30*)

The majority of the saints, besides being paradoxes, were soldiers. They wore tin hats instead of cowls, and cried "War" instead of "Peace." Stranger still, the ablest of them all, Joan of Arc, was a sweet-voiced, fair-faced girl of seventeen years. And long before suffragettes thought they had discovered this is not exclusively a man's world, "La Pucelle" (The Maid of France) challenged an invading victorious army in these manly words: "Allez-Vous-En" which in plain English means "Get out!"

Riding at the head of an army of rough men whose whole business in life was war, Jeanne d'Arc wrote the most romantic pages in the story of the world. Yet these tough soldiers did not follow her pious standard because they were inspired by chivalry or loyalty to the Maid clothed in the shining white suit of armor. They followed because she was a commander-in-chief who demanded unconditional obedience, because she was a military genius recognized as such by soldiers of her day and ours, and because she struck terror into the ranks of the enemy.

La Pucelle's military success is only understandable if we keep in mind that she fought on God's side Whose will was radioed to her by her faithful "Voices." She introduced military discipline into the army camps, made men out of her soldiers instead of pleasure loving slackers; she made enemies out of the loose women who followed the army and broke her sword over one particularly troublesome wretch — the only blow she struck in her life. Her technique in effectively placing artillery and directing the battle line is rivalled only by Napoleon. She could think decisively in the middle of battle action and she was absolutely brave and tireless, spending long hours in the saddle and enduring heavy armor for weeks at a time. Add up all the qualities set down in the most critical records and you have a picture of a perfect soldier.

Mudslinging historians and agnostic "saint-busters" have all fallen down in admiration before the glory of Jeanne d'Arc, the Virgin. She is Saint Jeanne d'Arc now, known as a pure, youthful, smiling instrument of God and heroine of the Faith. St. Joan of Arc is the Patroness of Wireless and of Young Women in Catholic Action.

* * *

OTHER PATRONS OF MAY

May 1: St. James the Less: Apostle; Patron of hat dealers and fullers.

THE LIGUORIAN

- May 1: St. Philip: Apostle; Patron of fullers.
May 1: St. Theodulf: Abbot; Patron against baldness.
May 1: St. Sigismund: Patron against fever and hernia.
May 3: St. Juvenal of Narni: Martyr; Patron against pestilence.
May 4: St. Florian: Martyr; Patron of Poland and Upper Austria; invoked against fire and drought.
May 4: St. Valerianus and 80 Companions: Patrons in war time.
May 4: St. Monica: Widow; Model and patroness of all Christian mothers.
May 4: St. Gregory Celli of Verruchio: Invoked for rain.
May 6: St. John before the Latin Gate: Patron of bookbinders.
May 9: St. Gregory of Nazianzen: Patron against locusts.
May 10: St. Simon: Apostle; Patron of leather workers.
May 13: Blessed Imelda: Patroness of First Communicants.
May 15: St. Isidore the Laborer: Patron of farmers and peasants.
May 15: St. Dymna: Virgin and martyr; Patroness of the insane and mentally diseased.
May 16: St. Honoratus: Bishop; Patron of bakers, cooks, and dealers in flour.
May 16: St. John Nepomucene: Patron of Confessors and of helpers of those who suffer calumny.
May 16: St. Brendan: Patron of sailors.
May 17: St. Paschal Baylon: Lay-brother; Patron of Eucharistic Congresses and confraternities.
May 18: St. Theodotus: Martyr; Patron of innkeepers.
May 19: St. Dunstan: Bishop; Patron of munition makers, musicians, goldsmiths and locksmiths.
May 19: St. Ivo Helory or St. Ives: Confessor; Patron of lawyers.
May 21: St. Oratarius: Abbot; Patron against gout and paralysis.
May 22: St. Rita of Cascia: Patron of the impossible; patron of lawyers; protectress of those in utmost need and sickness; model of all states; invoked against scourge.
May 27: St. Restitutus of Sora: Martyr; Patron against diabolical possession.
May 30: St. Joan of Arc: Patroness of wireless and of young women in Catholic Action.
May 30: St. Ferdinand III: Patron of engineers.

Rules For Mental Health

1. Learn to dominate the emotions and to utilize intelligence to guide conduct.
2. Be efficient and make clear-cut decisions in trivial matters as in great ones.
3. Shun worry and unnecessary hurry, for they sap nervous energy.
- * 4. Shun inattention and self-pity, for they pave the way for mental surrender. *
5. Learn to rest. Rest is not synonymous with sleep. It is chiefly the temporary and volitional abandonment of responsibility.

THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN

L. F. HYLAND

EXAMEN FOR SHUT-INS

Every now and then a shut-in of long standing should make a special examination of conscience. Not one taken from an ordinary list of sins, but one pertaining to the special temptations that assail those who are unable to mingle actively with the world. Moreover the list should comprise mostly faults of attitude and of omission, therefore not all grave sins, but tendencies that impede the garnering of full value from the opportunities of illness. Here is an example of such an examination, based on many previous thoughts for the shut-in:

1. Have I given in to day-dreaming on subjects that easily become sinful or that make me restless and discontented?
2. Have I permitted tendencies or impulses toward concupiscence or sensuality to assert themselves without offering quick and forceful opposition, especially by prayer?
3. Have I engaged in ill-advised reading, dawdling over excessively romantic or foolishly sentimental love stories and the like?
4. Have I neglected to look for or to ask for some spiritual books that might encourage and help me?
5. Have I made no effort to pray, at least by short ejaculatory prayers that can be said frequently during the day?
6. Have I failed to make a frequent offering of my discomfort or pain to God, to atone for my sins or to save the souls of others, especially at times when I felt unusually depressed?
7. Have I neglected or been unwilling to ask for an opportunity to receive the Sacraments at least now and then during my illness?
8. Have I brooded bitterly over the "unfairness" of my lot and deliberately cultivated rebellious thoughts of God?
9. Have I failed to conceal impatience and irritability in the presence of others?
10. Have I complained about the service others were rendering me, whether they failed culpably or inculpably to make me comfortable?
11. Have I permitted sensitiveness to show itself, becoming petulant or peevish over imaginary slights?
12. Have I repeated harmful gossip related to me by one visitor to others who came to see me later?
13. Have I disobeyed the orders of the doctor, nurse or relative who is in charge of me during my illness?

ON EATING — WITH HUMILITY

Who ever heard of eating a meal garnished with humility? You are going to hear of it now, if you have time to read this rollicking article.

E. F. MILLER

EATING things has been customary and universal amongst human-kind from the very beginning. There are no records concerning the practice when man was still the Nebular Hypothesis, for man at that time had not as yet mastered the art of writing, and thus was not in a position to log his daily habits; but as soon as his mind arrived, and he found it in his power not only to write, but also to evaluate properly the loaded pear tree and the luscious berry bush, he began to get hungry; and in consequence he began to eat. Down to the end of the Methuselah era (Methuselah lived to be 969 years old) he ate only fruits and vegetables. But after that, with the shortening of his years weakness came upon him and he had to look around for more sustaining food. He found it in the meats that were growing around the bones and on the backs of neighboring animals. These meats he began to pick away at until today we discover mankind a society of meat-eaters as well as fruit- and vegetable-eaters. Historical documents are full of the subject.

But it must not be held that the custom is less universal than it is ancient. Presidents and paupers have their one, two or three *squares* a day; Sisters in convents and priests in rectories have their breakfast, dinner and supper; and even the pope of Rome partakes of at least a saucer of soup from time to time to avoid the accusation of singularity. Movie stars too persist in eating whenever they find it helpful, though it might be supposed that if anyone would be exempt from so crass a thing it would be they, the intangibles, the esoterics, the chosen ones.

There are only a few people that this writer knows of who did not eat; but unfortunately research in the matter could not be pursued to a satisfying conclusion, for the people always died before full data could be gathered, and that, of course, ended the study right there. Thus, while the question might still be open as to the complete universality of the custom of eating, the general principle can be laid down that all ordinary people eat with clock-like regularity. And that is sufficient as a basis for this treatise.

THE LIGUORIAN

IN ITSELF eating is not something to brag about no matter how one looks at it. It is not pretty in its preparation, in its consumption, or in its effects.

The preparation often takes the form of cookery. That means: a fire has to be kindled in a grate, a field or a stove; quantities of raw food have to be put into large pots and pans and onto the fire; and a watchman (generally the housewife) has to be stationed near at hand to see to it that the food does not go up in smoke with the fuel which is cooking it. The painful result of all this is *odors*.

Let us look at cabbage. When cabbage is being boiled, the whole house is consumed with an aroma like that of tired weeds in a hot sun. Let cracks in the doors be stuffed with padding; let keyholes be barred; let kitchens be sealed, still the unholy fragrance steals silently abroad. It meets the nostrils of callers in the parlor, it finds the noses of son and daughter still resting in their respective beds upstairs after a hard evening the day before, and it gets down into the basement with the wash tubs. Nothing can be done about it. And yet it is essential to a dish of cabbage. As it is with cabbage, so it is with numerous other foods. Odors are the price of their preparation. Is there anything pretty about that?

NOR is eating a thing of beauty in its actual consummation. Here is a young lady as fragile and ethereal as a fleecy cloud. Her face is oval-shaped and smooth with just the right tints in the right places; her hair is bright and shining as though it were made of sunshine, or dark and lustrous as though it were made of night; her eyes are clear and soft as though they were made of sky; her body is slight and lightsome as though the only thing needed were a gentle breeze to carry it aloft that like a soaring leaf it might float effortlessly on the transparent shoulders of the wind. She is not of this earth. She is a fairy, an angel, an illusion that feeds on beauty and drinks only the breath of the gods.

And yet what can be seen every week-day of the year around twelve o'clock noon? This same young lady tripping daintily into a restaurant, seating herself at a table, summoning a waiter and ordering food—yes, solid, serious, material food. The very idea seems preposterous. Whoever heard of feeding a rainbow or stuffing a star? But what fol-

THE LIGUORIAN

lows is even more disturbing. The waiter brings the food and sets it down on the table, and in a nonce Miss Jekyll becomes Miss Hyde. She bares her teeth, interiorly smacks her lips and begins. She is seasoned enough in the work to prevent crumbs and drippings from falling on her jacket, skirt and shoes; she knows the rules of Emily Post; she proceeds leisurely. But the fact remains — eating effects in her a transformation. Those lips so artistically decorated have become but rims of a human maw into which are being stored away a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Yes, it is not unlike the stoking up of a furnace, the filling up of the coal bin, the reloading of an ammunition dump. Beauty is shorn of its tint through the agency of food.

Or here again is a group of prosperous business men. They are engaged during most of the hours of the day in large affairs: the counting (metaphorically) of money, the intricacies of high politics, the cultivation of civic projects. The world in all its multiple activities rests upon their shoulders like a building on a foundation. They are important, serious-minded, cosmopolitan. One would imagine that such giants would have no need for so down-to-earth a thing as food. Yet, look at them as they file out of the exclusive cafe on any day of the week. They have just had a pork roast with potatoes and brown gravy. Their faces look positively shiny as though each one had been dipped into the gravy before being carried away. One thinks of anything except the Bank of England, Wall Street and the Democratic Party when one looks upon these mighty men, now oily and out of breath, as they emerge from their dinner, their vests loosened and a toothpick in their mouths. (A toothpick is a small sliver of wood used by those who still have the use of their original teeth.) Eating has again thrown shadows across a splendid vision. Can there be anything pretty in it then?

SINCE eating emphasizes the fact that man still has a tail (that tail supposedly so many years discarded through the processes of evolution), many people prefer to eat in private. This tendency is noted especially amongst small boys in school rooms. They would not have their teacher see them put a piece of candy in their mouths for anything in the world. And under no circumstances would they move their lips in chewing gum. There is a certain delicacy amongst small boys that is not often found in the ranks of their elders, although nowadays grown-ups are patronizing in small numbers private rooms

in upper-bracket restaurants where eating can be done without peering eyes watching the process.

However, most grown-ups have no inhibitions in this matter at all. Quite the contrary. They seem to take a positive delight in eating in public. A simple train ride will prove the statement. Hardly has the train pulled out of the station when a score or more of bundles are being untied. In a moment the tang of oranges, cheese and thermosed coffee is filling the air, while wrappings, peelings and unwanted scraps of bread are piling high up on the floor. To add to the confusion a man dressed in a white suit appears on the scene selling sandwiches and other things for the benefit of those who brought no lunch or dinner with them and who do not care to go back into the diner for their meal. Before one can wind one's watch, the whole car becomes a veritable bedlam of eaters, with not a single person showing the least shame or self-consciousness while the work is being done. This is indeed recession rather than progression.

BUT trains are not the only examples of this sad phenomenon. All society is honey-combed with the same practice. When a family has visitors from another city, the first thing that is done by the entertainers is the preparing of a big meal. When a convention comes to town, the home folks are not content with merely discussing the points at issue over a hard table and in a secluded room. No. The committees for this and that must be appointed over a dinner table. Their subsequent discussions must be held over another dinner table. And the whole convention must be gathered around still another dinner table before the business can be called a success. This is to be noted with wonder even at such metaphysical get-togethers as philosophical and theological conventions where the whole tenor of the meetings is unearthly and beyond the senses—in other words about the beautiful abstraction called *ens*.

Would it not be much better in the case of the first instance were the man of the house to hide all the food up in the attic when visitors come so as to give the impression that here the spirit dwells in all its immaterial grandeur, instead of immediately burying the spirit under an overcharged table? And surely would it not be better at the many conventions that are forever settling and unsettling questions throughout the United States were the man in charge to confine himself to the

affairs of the mind and leave the stomach out of the business entirely? What a wonderful impression that would make on all concerned! And how far would it not go in the direction of bringing people back to the realization that eating is something done by birds and fishes and horses in fields. But man, great man, he has a mind that feeds on *being* — pure, stark, untrammelled *being*; man should find his fill therein.

BUT if eating is not pretty in its preparation and in its consummation, it is above all not pretty in its effects. The meal is over, and chairs are pushed away from tables. The diners stagger out into the open air, or into the parlor to smoke cigars and sip coffee. There remains behind them a scene of carnage worthy of the Migration of Nations. Soiled napkins, spotted tablecloths, scattered cigarette ashes and dirty dishes lie about in sickly confusion. Out in the kitchen it is still worse. Frying pans and greasy pots seem to predominate. They cover everything. It gives one a tired feeling just to look at them. Is there anything pretty about that?

But people are not content with mere eating, lowering though it may be. They must have different *tastes* in their choice of foods. There are as many tastes as there are nations on the earth. The peoples called cannibals have developed a taste (strangely enough) for human flesh, and many is the story told of explorers ending their days in the jungles in a large iron pot while savages dance merrily around them. But this custom has not spread very far, and is beginning to die out even in the places where it originally flourished. Some say that the people of central Africa have a liking for worms, and make a kind of sandwich of the same. The inhabitants of small islands have fish as their most regular diet.

The taste of Americans is twofold. In general, pigs and cows are staples for all, with sheep and chickens running close seconds. Any citizen who does not eat pig is looked upon as quite an oddity. In particular, no such sweeping rule can be put down. There is that taste amongst some which glories in gizzards, liver and brains. Yes, brains. Nothing can be more invigorating after a day in the office or a hard hike over the fields than a heaping dish of brain. And if the dish is garnished with tongue or pigs' feet, so much the better. Amongst others there is a taste that confines itself to hamburgers and hot dogs. Still others are perfectly content three times a day with cereals, those

THE LIGURIAN

innumerable breakfast foods that look like spent leaves or dried grass and taste like sawdust.

It can be said with truth that there are very few foods that at least some Americans will not eat. It all depends on how the victuals are put up. In the finer night clubs (formerly known as restaurants) rattlesnakes make a very pretty dish. As long as they are brought out on steaming platters by French-speaking waiters, accompanied by beautiful cigarette girls and eaten to the tune of a brilliant floorshow, they are very palatable. Under such circumstances fried shoe leather could be served, and if the cover charge had been large enough, all would be satisfied. It is another proof of the grandeur of the American way of life.

THE causes of eating are many. It is not the province of this paper to discuss these causes at length. This treatise is historico-scientific in scope. Ultimate causes are always the business of philosophers rather than of scientists. But it would not be amiss if one or the other cause were just mentioned and then left to the philosopher to interpret.

The first cause of eating is hunger. Hunger is a strange feeling that strikes the pit of the stomach and gradually finds its way to almost every part of the human body. There have been cases in medical history of people who complained of sore feet, and it was discovered later on that the only thing wrong with them was that they were hungry. Hunger manifests itself (in its advanced stages) by drooling mouths and sparkling eyes when steaks happen to be seen or large platters of ham and eggs. The pain in the stomach becomes more acute. The eyes water. The nose sniffs. It is at that moment that people eat. Hunger has brought them to the point.

The second cause of eating is habit. In the United States it is an inviolable custom to eat three times a day—morning, noon and night. Now it will happen at times that a person is not hungry. Or he may have ulcers. Or again he may have been munching between meals. Yet, the custom must be maintained. He will sit down with the family and go at the liver and onions as though he had not seen food for a week.

The third cause of eating is fear. Most often this cause is to be found amongst growing children. The spinach is brought on together with milk and stew. The children do not like spinach and they detest

stew. But father is at the head of the table with a stern look in his eye which says "Eat up, Mollie." And so Mollie, because she is afraid, eats up. Hospitals goad patients into eating at times by use of the same methods. When one is in bed, one is generally not in a position to resist.

THE Trappist monks have something on the ball when they serve themselves only what is strictly necessary in the way of food. But the monks are but children of the Catholic Church. And it is the Catholic Church that says to all her sons and daughters. "Don't be fools, little ones. Eating is all right so long as you do not overdo it. Eat what is necessary. Sometimes don't eat what you would want to eat, like meat and so forth. If you listen to me, you'll be stronger men and better women. I know. I'm close to two thousand years old, and I've seen a lot of folks eat a lot of meals. And I've seen what happened to them. Go sparingly with the knife, fork and spoon. Someday you'll all be giants."

Army Slang

Angel's whisper — airman's term for bugle call.

Battery acid — coffee.

Biscuit gun — imaginary gun to shoot food to a student pilot who can't land.

Bubble dancing — washing dishes.

China clipper — dishwasher.

Crossbar Hotel — guardhouse.

Goldfish — canned salmon. Also fried carrots.

Grandma — low gear in a vehicle.

Hangar pilot — airman who talks his flying on the ground.

Head bucket — new steel helmet

Hit the silk — to bail out of a plane.

Jawbone — credit as opposed to cash.

Kangaroo — sergeant of the guard.

Slum burner — one who eats army food.

Use For Pseudonyms

Authors often hide from their possible pursuers under the protective disguise of a pseudonym. But in India, Garos often change their names after being attacked by a wild animal. If they did not, they believe, the animal, ever seeking out his lost prey, would recognize them and deliver the coup de grace.

Three Minute Instruction

HOW TO ESCAPE FAITH

It has often been said that it is impossible to reject faith in the Catholic Church without at the same time rejecting reason in some way. This is so because God, having made man a reasonable creature, is bound to make His true religion appeal to the reason of every open mind. Since the working of miracles has always been a chief means used by God to prove the reasonableness of faith, many people center their rejection of faith in a rejection of miracles, and thereby speak and act unreasonably. Their stand is based on one of these statements:

1. *Miracles are impossible.* No reasoning man will make such a statement if he thinks for one moment, yet it has been made by thousands who foresaw that if they admitted even the possibility of miracles, they might have to investigate events that looked like miracles, with the result that they could no longer evade belief. But the statement is a contradiction of these elementary truths: God made the world; God made the physical laws of the world; God can set aside for the time being any physical law He made. If there cannot be a miracle, then either God did not make the world, or He did not make the physical laws of the world, or He cannot control those laws after He made them. In any case He would not be God.

2. *I myself never saw a miracle.* The conclusion implicit in this statement is that therefore there never was one. This is almost too obvious a specimen of unreason to be refuted. I never saw many things in the world—past events and present places—but I do not belong among thinking men if I do not recognize that there are ways of finding out facts besides my own personal experience.

3. *Miracles have been denied by many famous men.* The conclusion is that without further investigation I may deny them too. But that is unreasonable. Just as I am not reasonable if I take any man's word for anything, so I am unreasonable if I accept any man's denial of something without investigation. Investigation of those who deny actual miracles reveals that they had a motive for so doing: they started out by determining to escape faith, and they found that the rejection of miracles was necessary for that. Their unreason manifests itself in everything they wrote and said; the same unreason is a mark of those who blindly follow them.

Reason may be weak and somewhat prone to mistake because of original sin, but there are certain elementary conclusions it can reach without much danger of error. To reject such elementary conclusions is a grave misuse of a noble faculty, and a sure way to escape the responsibilities of faith, and to miss the whole purpose of human life.

WHAT SHALL WE FIGHT FOR?

It may be quite safely asserted that not too many Americans know all that is implied in fighting for freedom and democracy. The important issues lie behind the words.

D. F. MILLER

THIS article is being addressed to Americans — to all Americans at war, whether in the armed forces or not, whether members of defense organizations at home or not, whether capable of buying defense bonds or not. It is written on the theme reiterated so often by the leaders of the country: "Every American is in this war; every American has to fight in some way if the war is going to be won." If every American has to fight, then each one should know what he is fighting for and how he can best add his strength to that of the nation as a whole.

If a war is just for a given country, that means that it is fighting for certain just and moral principles that have been rejected by its enemies to the detriment of their own citizens and the endangering of the rest of the world. Americans state the justice of their cause in various ways: by contending that they are fighting for democracy, which their enemies despise and would like to destroy; by saying that they are fighting for the fundamental freedoms of human beings, which have been crushed by their enemies; by maintaining that they are defending themselves against unprincipled attackers and aggressors, whose axiom is that military might makes the only right in the world. These contentions are correct, but they involve more than many Americans have ever begun to understand.

I. *FIGHTING FOR DEMOCRACY.*

A democratic country may be defined as one in which there are no slaves, no completely subjected persons (at least in principle) except those who have forfeited their right to freedom and independence by lawlessness and crime. This means that in a democracy all mature men and women are citizens equal in fundamental rights and duties. Each has a right to pursue his own happiness according to the specifications of an eternal law made for all men and written into their nature. Each has a voice in the making of further laws that safeguard this fundamental right to happiness of all his fellow-citizens. The State is de-

THE LIGURIAN

signed to assist the individual citizen in attaining happiness, to protect him against marauders, to back him in his rights as a human being, to keep open the opportunities that are necessary to the happiness of every man.

What many Americans do not know (and what many even reject) is that such a concept of government has no foundation and no validity unless it rests firmly and unshakenly on *belief in God*. It assumes unchangeable rights of individuals and eternal laws. Where do such rights and laws come from? They cannot come from circumstances of birth, because no two men are born in the same circumstances. They cannot come from an arbitrary agreement among men because men who rejected God have never been able to agree on what were the fundamental rights and laws of human life. They do not come from a mere charter or constitution or decree of a particular government, because these are man-made things and by man could be changed or destroyed. They come from God, Who has implanted them in the very nature of man, thus making them as permanent and unchangeable as man himself. Thus a democracy is formed and can survive only on the recognition that the rights and laws it protects for its citizens are untouchable because they come from the unchanging authority of God. Take the recognition of God's authority out of a democracy and you destroy the very rights that it pretends to defend.

You want to know what you are fighting for then? You are fighting for democracy, but for a great deal more than that. You are fighting for that which makes democracy possible, namely the universal recognition of God. Whether you can carry a gun or not, whether you can help to defend your own city or buy defense bonds, or not, you have one way of fighting that in a sense is more effective than any other: you can manifest by your life and words that you realize these truths: that the justice of the American cause rests on America's belief in God; that those who recognize no God or act as if there were none would make democracy not worth fighting for; that the war may be properly considered a punishment because there have been so many who, in the words of St. Paul, "when they knew God, recognized Him not as God"; that unless more and more citizens come to realize that all their rights come from God and not from man, and that with the rights come laws, democracy will fall to pieces of itself even though

it were not hammered out of existence by its enemies.

II. *FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM.*

Freedom is a word that goes with democracy and is often made the shibboleth of the justice of the nation's cause at war. This freedom is not a vague or indefinite thing, nor a wild and ungovernable thing. It has reaches that no government may limit, and limitations that no individual may with impunity breach. When it is said that Americans are fighting for freedom, it is meant that they are fighting for the freedom that belongs to every individual man and woman in the land. Why is an individual worthy of freedom at all? Because he is an immortal being created by God, destined by Him to work out his own immortal destiny *freely*. To work out that destiny, God intends that he have freedom of conscience, freedom of religion, freedom to maintain a decent existence, freedom from force, fear, and enslavement of any kind. No individual is free to destroy these essential freedoms in others; nor will he ever try to do so if he is using his own freedom to save his immortal soul. But if there be no soul, then there is no adequate reason for granting to individuals so high a degree of freedom. Nay more, if there be no soul, freedom is only a myth (as many pseudo-philosophers have written books to prove) and no one is responsible for any kind of violence against others in private or public life, in peace or in war.

If that be the meaning and background of freedom, then no one in the United States can think himself without a means of joining in the present conflict. We are all in this war, it is true; we are in it not only to protect freedom against outside enemies, but to protect it as well from those within the nation who have tried to cut its props away. Every citizen can do that by preaching and practicing the truth that he and every other citizen have immortal souls that they must be left free to save. They do that by the very fact that they seriously set about the task of saving their own souls, and helping to save the souls of others.

III. *FIGHTING AGAINST AGGRESSION.*

There are a thousand forms of aggression, but every one is wrong for the same reason, viz., that they are infringements on God-given rights possessed by others. Every man may defend himself against aggression made on his life, his liberty, his possessions, his soul,

THE LIGUORIAN

just as a nation may defend itself against the aggressor who attempts to destroy or enslave it. But there is no justice in fighting against aggressors from outside if we remain aggressors against one another within the nation. No one may call his cause just if he fights an external enemy on the basis of a principle that he denies by his actions within the nation. If we claim that aggression against our rights and possessions on the part of the Japanese and Nazis is wrong in principle, we must be logical and recognize that every form of aggression we practice privately is wrong in principle. Every adulterer is an aggressor against somebody's home, and there are still plenty of adulterers in the United States. Every dishonest businessman, every man who steals from his neighbor in any way, is an aggressor against others, and there are plenty such in the United States. Every sin that is ever committed against another is the same kind of evil that is being condemned in nations that have attacked their fellow nations.

Again, you want to know what you can do to win this war? It is your task, and the task of every citizen, to keep our cause just and not hypocritical by practicing privately what is being preached publicly against the aggressor nations. You can fight against aggression in politics, in business, in marriage, in sex relations, in every department of human life. This is only another way of saying that sin is the beast we are attacking, and we must attack it among ourselves before we shall be successful in overcoming it in others.

WE KNOW that our nation is engaged in a just war because it is truly fighting for democracy, freedom and against unjust aggression. But we must also know that democracy is an illusion unless it rest on the recognized reality of God and each man's relation to Him; that freedom is a false ideal if there be no freedom that God gave and that man dare not take away; that the aggression of our enemies is only a mass movement made up of an infinite number of smaller aggressions such as too many Americans have practiced in their own lives. We are all in this war, and we are all needed to win it, by renewed faith in God, by the right use of our freedom, and by growing hatred of every form of aggression that takes the name of sin. This is needed to make the carrying of arms, the buying of bonds, and the sacrifice of comforts fruitful in victory.

THE DOWNFALL OF DR. McGONIGLE

The pioneering spirit is never without its obstructionists. Dr. McGonigle meets a formidable one here, like many another mere man.

L. G. MILLER

"LEO, my boy," said Dr. McGonigle, "we must realize that in this war we are fighting for the safety and security of unborn generations. We must realize that our struggle is not concerned with things of passing moment, but that it is being carried on to preserve the blessings of democracy in a world grown mad with hate."

We were sitting in the doctor's tiny front room. I was home on a short furlough from my army camp, and at my first opportunity I had dropped in on my old friend. I found him in good health, with his long hair brushed carefully back, and his white mustache neatly trimmed.

"When I saw you standing at the door in your khaki a few minutes ago," the doctor went on, "you seemed to symbolize for me all the hopes and aspirations of our nation. We must not, Leo, my boy, allow the thought of freedom to be stifled. We must make the whole world realize that in democracy lies its salvation. If I may borrow President Wilson's noble phrase, we must make the world safe for democracy."

I listened in reverent silence to my friend's patriotic outburst.

"I only wish," he went on, "that I were able to shoulder a gun or help to man a tank."

"But surely, Doctor," I protested, "there are other contributions to our cause besides shouldering a gun. Surely as a scientist you can do much towards gaining the victory." My old friend brightened at these words.

"You're right, Leo, my boy, you're right," he said. "As a matter of fact, I have been expending my utmost energies in that direction, and I may say that I have secured some little measure of success."

"I knew it all the time," I said, proudly. "Could you tell me some of the things you have done?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, Leo," he replied, rubbing his chin reflectively, "while I am working on several distinct inventions all of which are rapidly nearing completion, none of them at the moment is

THE LIGUORIAN

in a state of perfection. There is much thought and work involved in the inventive process, Leo, my boy. I sometimes wonder," said the doctor, with a sigh, "if it is worth the price one has to pay."

I murmured a sympathetic reply.

"At the present time I am working on a Magnetic Eye, which will instantaneously locate lost tools in defense plants, and thus save many hours which otherwise would be spent in search. Then too I have been putting much time on my bullet proof underwear, which will make it possible for an infantryman to withstand all but the heaviest fire from a tank. These are but two of my projects," said the doctor modestly, "and there are others in less advanced stages of development."

"What you tell me is most interesting," I said. "Are you being employed for research by any particular branch of the armed service?"

"Not yet, Leo my boy, not yet. That will come. At present I am engaged in helping to safeguard one of our large defense plants against sabotage."

"You don't tell me!"

"Yes, Leo. My work at present is behind the lines in the vital industries by which our fighting forces are given the tools they need to win the war. Have you ever heard of J. Michael McRafferty?"

"Do you mean the President of the McRafferty Smelter and Iron Works?"

"That's the man. I am at present in the employ of Mr. McRafferty, helping him to safeguard his plant against insidious attacks. Mr. McRafferty is very enthusiastic about my work. We have had several delightful evenings together at his home. There has been only one difficulty in our relationship, a difficulty occasioned by a third person. I refer, Leo, my boy, to Mrs. McRafferty. She is a lady of great attainments, but unfortunately she does not see eye to eye with Mr. McRafferty and myself as to the need and scope of science."

"What a pity," I said, "that your work should be thwarted by a mere woman."

"Yes, Leo, it is a pity. But I have not allowed it to impair my energy. Just yesterday I completed arrangements at Mr. McRafferty's plant for a complete electrification of the barriers."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that at all hours of the day and night, except when the

THE LIGURIAN

men are actually entering or leaving the plant, the wire fence surrounding it as well as the gates themselves will be charged with a sizable voltage of electric current. Any marauder who attempts to enter will not indeed be killed, but he will receive quite a shock. And at the same time I have arranged that a burglar alarm will be set off and a siren will begin to sound at the point of contact. This will attract the attention of the watchmen, who will be able easily to apprehend the would-be spy, still dazed by his contact with the electric current."

"Sounds very effective."

"It should be, Leo, it should be. Tomorrow at ten o'clock I am to meet Mr. McRafferty at the plant, and he is to throw the switch and inaugurate the new system. Would you care to be present for the occasion?"

"You can count on me," I said, for it seemed to me quite a glorious opportunity.

WE FOUND Mr. J. Michael McRafferty next morning in his plain and unpretentious office at the Iron Works, with his feet on the desk and a cigar between his teeth. He was himself a plain and unvarnished Irishman, with the map of Ireland on his face and a ready flow of picturesque language on his lips.

"Sit down, boys, sit down," said he, after we had been introduced. "Always glad to see a soldier. Got two sons in the army myself." I took a proffered cigarette, and leaned back in my chair.

"Doc here and myself," went on Mr. McRafferty, "are great pals. I think he has really got something on the ball."

I hastened to assure the smelter tycoon that I too was a great admirer of Dr. McGonigle.

"You take this electrification of the plant barriers now," said our host. "Why, the way Mac went at that you'd think it was as easy as cutting cheese. I don't care what my wife says about you, Doc, as for me . . ."

"Your wife!" cried Dr. McGonigle, and it seemed to me that he grew suddenly pale. "Has your wife returned to the city?"

"Yes, Doc. She got back from Chicago last night. And I'm sorry to say, Doc, that the passage of three weeks has not made her like you any better."

"Oh dear, oh dear," said my friend.

THE LIGURIAN

"She can't seem to forget those scratches you made on the dining room table when you were demonstrating that magnetic eye business to me a few weeks ago."

"But the scratches were entirely unintentional, as I assured her again and again."

"I know, I know. I keep trying to tell her that, but all she says is: 'Well, even if the scratches were unintentional, I can never forgive him for cutting a hole in the living room carpet.'"

Dr. McGonigle wrung his hands in distress. I said to myself that Mrs. McRafferty must be a very forceful woman to reduce him to such a state of fear.

"She says I'm crazy to take you up on any of your schemes, Doc. But I don't listen to her for a minute."

"Did you tell her about my project at the plant here?"

"Well, no, to tell the truth, I didn't. I'd rather wait until it's been working for a while, and then break it to her gently." Mr. McRafferty produced a large gold watch from his pocket, looked at it, and said: "Well, gentlemen, it's almost ten o'clock. All the necessary instructions have been given to the men. Shall we put the electrification system into operation?"

"By all means," cried the doctor, rubbing his hands. Mr. McRafferty thereupon advanced to a fuse box upon the wall, opened it, and with a flourish, pulled a large switch. For a moment we stood at solemn attention, realizing that the moment marked the completion of a far-reaching endeavor.

Just at this moment the door of the office suddenly opened and a large and determined-looking woman entered the room. She wore a costly set of fox furs, and on her head was a vegetable-garden type of hat. I saw Mr. McRafferty and Dr. McGonigle instinctively cringe, and I sensed that here was a hostile influence upon their scheme.

"Well, well, well, Clara my dear," cried Mr. McRafferty, with assumed heartiness. "What are you doing here at this time of the morning?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd drop in on my way to the hairdresser's," said Mrs. McRafferty, for I deduced that it was she.

"You — ah — remember Dr. McGonigle, Clara. And this is his friend, Mr. Leo Mullaney."

Mrs. McRafferty nodded to me curtly, and fixed a rather cold stare upon Dr. McGonigle. When she spoke, it was as a woman accustomed to saying what was in her mind.

"I never thought, James," she said, "that you would go against my wishes and keep on having dealings with certain people, not mentioning any names."

"Now Clara, calm yourself. Calm yourself, my dear."

Mrs. McRafferty gave a lady-like snort. "Calm myself, indeed! How can I calm myself, when you go on acting like a man without an ounce of brains. I declare to goodness, James, I sometimes wonder if you have any regard for my opinion at all."

Dr. McGonigle hastily arose from his chair, and I followed suit.

"Leo, my boy," said the doctor, "perhaps we had better take our departure." Mrs. McRafferty seemed not to have heard us.

"All I've got to say, James, is don't expect any pity from me when the crazy schemes of certain people, not saying who, have cost you half your fortune."

"But Clara darling, Dr. McGonigle's schemes are not crazy," said Mr. McRafferty.

"Not crazy, just idiotic," said his spouse, with sarcasm. "Well, I guess I can't stop you from seeing him down here. But don't you dare bring Mr. McGonigle or whatever his name is up to the house. I won't have him scratching up my furniture, not even if he was Thomas Edison himself."

And so saying, with another curt nod at me, and a final icy glance at Dr. McGonigle, she swept from the room. For a moment there was silence.

"Don't take it too hard, Doc," said Mr. McRafferty. "My wife is a truly remarkable woman, but on some subjects she can be most unreasonable. This is one of them."

"Yes, yes, of course," said the doctor. "I know she is a lady of very striking parts. And I feel that in time — perhaps it may be a long time — she may come to understand me better."

IT WAS at this precise moment that a loud scream smote our ears, a scream such as might have issued from some wild thing that had been trapped. For an instant we stood petrified, then:

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. McRafferty, "It's my wife!"

Even while he was yet speaking, it seemed as though pandemonium had broken out in the factory yard. A bell clanged repeatedly. The wail of a siren grew louder and louder. Together we hurried out of the room in the direction of the noise. As we neared the gate, an awesome spectacle met our eyes. Mrs. McRafferty was sitting on the ground, looking very much out of sorts. Her vegetable-garden hat was askew. Her fox-furs had fallen into the dust. It was immediately apparent to us what had happened. We had forgotten to warn her that the gate was electrified, and she had attempted to go through it.

Mrs. McRafferty was a hardy soul, and before anyone could offer help, she had slowly risen to her feet and looked around with a dazed expression as if trying to remember where she was. Then suddenly she caught sight of her husband. The siren was still wailing, but Mrs. McRafferty's voice could easily be heard above it.

"James Michael McRafferty!" she said, ominously. "Wait till I get my hands on you!"

I looked around for Dr. McGonigle, and caught sight of him just disappearing around the corner of the building. I hastened after him, and we walked along in silence for a moment.

"You can feel good about one thing anyway," I said, finally. "Your electrification scheme proved to be a success."

"Yes," said Dr. McGonigle, "but there's another thing that I feel even better about. And that is: that I am not occupying the shoes of Mr. J. Michael McRafferty."

Grounds For Divorce

Would you blame your mother for getting a divorce from your father if he called her an old bag? Bonnie Bannon of Los Angeles got a divorce from her husband for that reason. He called her "an old bag." The paper carried this account. "Bonnie Bannon is a young and beautiful show-girl actress and her photogenic face and figure have been stared at by millions of newspaper and magazine readers." Orlando A. Martin was Bonnie's husband; and Orlando did not get custody of the couple's two-year old child, Frederick Thomas Martin. The court gave Bonnie the child. The court is wise. Would it be possible for a man who so forgot himself as to call his young and beautiful show-girl actress "an old bag" to give the proper training to a tender and innocent child? Justice still prevails in our courts. Or does it?

TO MOVIE-GOERS

A dialogue meditation — with a movie-star as the theme — one movie-star who is now teaching wholesome truths with authority. You might learn from her.

C. DUHART

THIS is not going to be a condemnation of movies. There is much in movies which is instructive, artistic, recreational and uplifting. And we think our world is a better world for these advantages. This is not even going to be a discussion of the Legion of Decency.

In this letter, I merely wish to tell you that you are unfair to yourselves, that you are too humble, that many of you do not know your true worth. For in the main, you have come to place actors and actresses on far too lofty a pedestal. And you have been willing to station yourselves too far beneath them, to gaze up at them almost as upon divinities.

For you must remember that they are merely your servants, servants perhaps who receive their salaries in units of dollars where yours are measured in units of cents — but still servants, servants whose business it is to please you, to instruct you, to entertain you, to soothe your frayed nerves, and give your noble emotions an impulse for expression. You are in no wise dependent upon them, but they are entirely dependent upon you. They are stars only because you care to make them so. And if you would say the word in sufficient numbers at the box office, their star might easily drop from the firmament of Hollywood success.

They are men and women, boys and girls like yourselves. Perhaps they could learn many a valuable lesson from you in the important affairs of life. Perhaps you can learn little of value from them, because they have never spent much time on the worth-while interests of life.

They have been given no divine commission to teach you. There is no heavenly seal of approbation upon their lives simply because their salaries mount almost into astronomical figures. They are idols which have frequently been found to have feet of clay.

You know them principally in the land of make-believe. You sometimes admire and esteem them for qualities which they do not possess, qualities which belong to the characterization of the script writer.

Perhaps they are great, perhaps they are worthy of admiration, but that does not arise from what they are on the stage, but from what they are in real life. There is nothing particularly valuable or imperative about their views of life and happiness.

PRIOR to January 16th, for instance, your correspondent would have made little effort to recommend to you Carole Lombard's philosophy of life. But on that day something happened which made her a great and true teacher. She died. That is why I submit the following for your consideration.

On January 16th, 1942, a star fell out of the sky. But it was not one of God's brilliant orbs from the divinely created magnificence of the heavens. It was a man-made star out of the tissue-papered, tinselised display of Hollywood's firmament. For on January 16, 1942, Carole Lombard was killed in an airplane crash. The plane carrying one of movie-land's darlings hurtled down to destruction from out of the sky. And America's hero-worshippers picked up their newspapers, saw that the war news had been driven from the headlines, and read that one of their idols was dead.

It was an important event, so important that the simultaneous death of several air-officers, whose importance naive minds might have thought over-shadowed that of a screen-star, was given only briefest mention.

But she for whom the event was most important never read the headlines. For Carole Lombard had to face the greatest, most searching screen test of her life. And if she had ever thought screen-land's directors exacting, what did she think when she stood before the great director not of the land of make-believe, but of the land of hard fact — Jesus Christ?

In that moment things which had loomed so large in importance in her life dwindled into insignificance. And other things which perhaps had been pushed into the background as being of little moment, now grew so tremendously in size that her mind could see nothing else.

Now it mattered not how many lovers she had had upon earth. But it mattered a great deal how faithful she had been to her great Divine Lover Who had died on the cross for her. Now it mattered very little that she had captured Hollywood's great male prize, Clark Gable. But it mattered much whether she had kept on intimate terms with

the world's outstanding hero not in fiction but in fact, Jesus Christ. Now it mattered only to her disadvantage if men had praised her for her "daring" and her "courage" in flouting the laws of morality. But it mattered for her eternal glory if she had been daring and courageous in clinging to God's laws in the face of contempt and derision. Now it mattered not at all how many dollars were written down in her movie contract. But it mattered a great deal if her deeds were written in golden letters in Christ's judgment book.

Now it mattered not in the least what beauty and grace men's eyes saw in her face and form. But it mattered tremendously what beauty or ugliness the piercing gaze of the Judge saw in her soul. Now it mattered not a penny's worth how many heroine-worshippers had lain prostrate at her feet. But it mattered in eternal values what the world's greatest hero thought of her.

Now it mattered not that she was acclaimed the actress of the year. But it mattered everything what Christ acclaimed her when He tore the mask of an actress from her face and saw her as she was.

AND what would Carole Lombard tell you after her interview with Jesus Christ? What would she say to you after her all-important screen-test before Almighty God?

Would she say: "Success before the eyes of the world at any cost!" Would she say: "Forget about the bugbear of marriage lasting until death do us part?" Would she say: "Spend all your time on beauty of face and body and forget about beauty of soul?" Would she say: "Be daring, be courageous in breaking through the so-called laws of morality which only bind like chains; be free, life must be all freedom, and no duties?" Would she say: "Follow and claim the man or woman you say you love, even if it brings you through the debris of shattered homes, even if it makes you trample on broken hearts, even if it means laughing at God and religion which say that marriage is a sacred thing?"

Would she say any of these things? You know she wouldn't. Just a little while ago Carole Lombard, the movie star, had to answer all these questions. And tomorrow (perhaps 5 or 10 or 15 years, perhaps 5 or 10 or 15 days, but tomorrow) you must answer them. Carole Lombard has faced the world's great director — she could tell you now what to expect. She could teach you now with a wisdom that does not deceive.

MEDIEVAL CRAFT GUILDS

In all Catholic discussions of economic problems, frequent mention is made of the medieval Guild system. Nevertheless there is a great deal of ignorance as to what the Guilds really were. Here are some of the facts concerning them:

1. *Definition:* The Craft Guilds were local associations of artisans in a particular industry, including both employers and laborers, whose purpose was to further the interests of all who were concerned in the industry, even including the consumer of its products.

2. *Organization:* Each Guild consisted of three classes of workmen and a governing council to direct its affairs.

a) The three classes of workmen were:

1) *Apprentices.* Parents who wanted a son to learn a trade, would apprentice him to a Master of that trade, paying a fee for the privilege. During his training (3 to 7 years) he lived as a member of the Master's household, on an equal footing with sons and daughters. For his work he received no wages except food and lodging. He was given religious instruction and moral training as part of the family.

2) *Journeyman.* His apprenticeship completed, the youth had to serve 3 or 4 years as assistant or journeyman. He was now allowed to choose his own master and to arrange the terms of service. He still lived as a member of the Master's household. Sometimes he traveled from one Master to another, learning different techniques, etc.

3) *Master.* To become a Master in his craft was the goal of every apprentice. To be enrolled as such it was required that he be a practicing Catholic, that he present satisfactory testimonials from the Masters he had served under as apprentice and journeyman, and that he pass a professional test. This usually meant presenting an original masterpiece passed on by the council of Masters. As a Master he was allowed to set up his own establishment, to take in apprentices and hire journeymen, and had a full voice in Guild affairs.

b) *The Governing Council:* At the head of each Guild was its governing council, composed usually of four of the older and most trustworthy of the Masters. They appointed subordinate officials, managed finances, enforced rules about wages and hours (usually an eight-hour day and a 40-hour week) decided disputes among members, administered relief to sick and poor, took care of orphans of members, and watched over the interests of consumers. They served without pay and after their term of office had to give a public account of their administration.

EVADING THE LOAN SHARKS

There are all kinds of loan-sharks in the United States. Three-ball men, money lenders at any rate of interest from 36 to 600 per cent per annum, department stores that specialize in installment plans—who can escape them all? Only those who know and use the facts of this article.

W. MURPHY

THE people of a small Ohio town were experiencing the unpleasant effects of bad business and decreased incomes. In a goodly number of homes the symbolical "wolf" was ringing the door bell: installment plans, high interest rates, important bills, urgent needs,—all demanded an immediate remedy. And a small group of one hundred and fifty Catholic parishioners found the remedy! They began a Parish Credit Union which within four months possessed savings totalling 1300 dollars, and recorded fifty-four loans amounting to 860 dollars. The townsfolk watched the proceedings with a microscopic eye; so revealing were the results that now the Protestant church in the same community is going to start a credit union.

The Parish Credit Union is not a clever device by which the pastor discovers the financial status of his parishioners. It is a true, beneficial cooperative society organized of, by, and for the members of a parish for three important purposes: to educate themselves in the management and control of their own money and advancement; to promote thrift; to make small loans to themselves at a low cost.

For about a century the credit union idea has been assisting people in various parts of the world. When in 1921 the program began to be taught and developed in the United States, the front-porch philosophers called the movement "high falutin' nonsense." True to form, they were wrong: the solid practicality of the credit union has been proven beyond a doubt. Today in the U. S. there are approximately 10,000 highly successful credit unions with three million members and assets totalling three hundred million dollars. In this group there are over three hundred Catholic Parish Credit Unions which are spreading day by day. What distinguishes the Parish Credit Union from the other credit unions is simply its bond of unity: it is made up only of parishioners, thereby affording a firmer link, a more intimate coopera-

tion, a wider field of activity among people already bound together by unity of faith.

The Parish Credit Union movement becomes even more encouraging from the fact that the Catholic Church stands solidly in back of it. Being a practical expression of the cooperative plan so urgently stressed by Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI, the Parish Credit Union enters into the social program of the Church. Pope Pius XII has praised and recommended the Parish Credit Union in direct words. Members of the American hierarchy have issued statements advising priests to inform their people of the idea; and lately several bishops have instigated drives toward actual foundations. And why? Because the Parish Credit Union fosters self-reliance, social responsibility, and Catholic Action! The pastor of a parish in New York City writes: "The Parish Credit Union has afforded many of my parishioners their first opportunity to save a little and to borrow when hard pressed. It helps people to help themselves, creating at the same time a spirit of self-sufficiency and self-determination." The accomplishment of such remarkable results may be seen in the following portrayal of the credit union's threefold purpose.

1. *The education of the members in the management and control of their own money and advancement.* This first purpose of the credit union is the foundation stone of the entire movement. People are taught and shown the benefits of cooperation; the proper use of money; the economic evils confronting them. A gentleman living in Detroit, making forty-five dollars a week, complained to a Parish Credit Union secretary that at the end of each week his pockets were so empty that he couldn't afford a good meal. The secretary discovered his attempt to pay fifty-three dollars a week in easy installment plans! Such an instance is not uncommon, and it clearly indicates the necessity of education and advice. Moreover, in the Catholic Parish Credit Union, this education can and should be extended to the underlying reasons constituting our democracy and economic life: why a man has a right to liberty, property, and a decent living; why he has an obligation to obey his government as well as the privilege of sharing in the rights it affords him. This is Catholic Action—the development of Catholic leadership capable of diffusing truth.

2. *The promotion of thrift.* When a person has purchased a com-

THE LIGURIAN

plete credit union share or unit of saving (usually five dollars), he becomes a full-fledged member without any obligation of purchasing more shares. However, the education of such a member toward thrift and saving is a pertinent duty of the credit union. Each member must be taught unfailingly to put aside a certain sum, no matter how small, at definite intervals. As an incentive, dividends are paid on complete shares. It is truly remarkable how people who never dreamed of a bank account are thus able to accumulate a rainy-day saving fund by the regular dime or twenty-five cent deposit. An acquaintance of mine has thus managed to save 4000 dollars during a period of eighteen years. A rather long time, I agree; yet this fund now spells a certain measure of security which would never have been realized except for the Parish Credit Union.

3. *The borrowing of money at a low rate of interest.* It is essential to note that the credit needs of man are intimately bound up with his natural right to live and to own property, and therefore high interest rates play a very important part in his life. As a consequence, the small-loan-business charging from the legal 36% per annum to an illegal 600%, and the installment plan which effectively depletes a man's purchasing power, are two common evils against which the credit union especially strikes. An example of the former condition that comes to mind is the account of a Chicago automobile salesman who borrowed thirty-five dollars from a loan-shark, paid over 1000 dollars in interest, and was then sued for the thirty-five dollars. Do not imagine that these usurers grasp only the ignorant! Such a contention was brought up at a local teachers' convention, only to have a checkup reveal that three hundred of the teachers were patronizing loan-sharks. The installment plan too does a capable job of bleeding a man, though he usually is unaware of it because of the more indirect method. Figure out how much more a man pays for his radio or car if it is bought on the installment plan. The cash price is always much cheaper; and the difference saved between the cash price and the total installment plan would facilitate a number of other purchases!

Now see how the Parish Credit Union skirts these two dangers: loans are generously allowed to members for a good reason and at rates which vary from $\frac{1}{2}\%$ to 1% a month on the unpaid balance. Furthermore, up to fifty or one hundred dollars, a person's character is the only required security; the borrowing of money is handled in the

strictest confidence; and the loans are payable in installments suited to the condition of the borrower. Consider this astonishing fact: a parish of 550 families ordinarily pays annually 25,000 dollars in interest charges alone. The Parish Credit Union could finance the needs of the parishioners at about one-third the amount charged by the finance corporations, thus saving them 16,500 dollars. And the remaining 8500 dollars would not leave the parish, because it would be distributed among the depositors or placed in the reserve-fund of the Parish Credit Union.

THIS program is a golden opportunity for every parish and every parishioner. The explanation and actual organization of the Parish Credit Union is under the supervision of an official organizer; each member regardless of his number of shares has only one vote in the election of officers; and for their protection either the Federal or State government maintains a strict watch over the proceedings. It is practical to note that since a parishioner needs only fifty cents to become a member, no one is really too poor to join. A twenty-five cent entrance fee is placed in the reserve-fund for bad loans; and another twenty-five cents is paid on the first share of stock. Until the first share of five dollars is fully purchased, the member continues his or her twenty-five cent payment at definite intervals. In the past people have argued their inability to become a member because of the expense. But in the process of arguing a man might consume two ten-cent cigars, and after the argument a woman might go off to a forty-cent movie. Actions refuted their own words.

During this war-period our smug philosophy of how the world goes 'round has been literally ripped and torn to shreds. We are now looking for something solidly worth while. This is why the Parish Credit Union should appeal to all. Of the three hundred Parish Credit Unions organized in the United States, not a single one has failed! And the good they have accomplished is remarkable. If you have an eye for a good bargain, you'll talk up a credit union in your parish if there is none, or join it if one has already been established.

* In my experience with men I have found that it is the busy
man who invariably keeps his word and gets things done. The
fellow with little to do is the one who fails to do things. *

— George R. Gaston

Side Glances

by *The Bystander*

Figures have been released that will do no good to the cause of big business in its frantic cries against the government, labor unions, against all who have ever worked for social justice and the preservation of democracy. The same figures give cause for despair among those in Congress and out of Congress who have quixotically determined to take the profiteering out of war. The figures are to be found in a table recently published revealing how much in additional salaries and remunerations the presidents of 24 large companies (most of them providing munitions for war under government contracts) allocated to themselves since the United States entered its all-out defense program. These 24 heads of companies (only a cross section) increased their personal incomes in 1941 over that which they received in 1940 by a total of approximately \$1,100,000. That is an average for each of some \$45,900. The smallest 1940 salary in the list was \$24,000; that was jumped to \$77,250 in 1941. The largest 1940 income was \$298,144 (which was special remuneration exclusive of salary) and that leaped to \$357,724 in 1941. The largest single increase was that of the president of a soap company, who received a mere \$131,463 in 1940, and who added \$174,730 in 1941 to make his total \$306,193. It would probably be safe to say that if the list of presidents heading munitions and other defense plants were increased to a few hundred, the total increase of salaries would be over \$1,000,000,000 (one billion). These are the men who used to rant about the astronomical figures in which money was appropriated by the government during the depression to give work and food to millions of destitute men and women. The word billion in an appropriation made them purple; but how easily they can salt away a billion in their own coffers.



We know all the palliating arguments that will be used by such men to explain their action. Not one such argument can erase the stigma of profiteering, even though everything they have done has been as legal as a policeman. "It all goes back to the government in taxes," they say, but the fact is that such men always show high expenses that reduce their taxes and losses on some of their stock holdings that achieve the same result. "We are worth every cent the company pays us," others will say (in more modest and roundabout language) but anyone who believes that, when salaries reach into six figures, deserves to be horn-swoggled. The president of the United States, who is carrying a burden greater than any industrial tycoon, receives \$75,000 and no more. Donald Nelson, who has the job of overseeing all the industrial plants in the country, receives \$12,000. Furthermore the increases in salary came, in many cases, after the government took over the risks of business, promising indemnity for losses incurred on account of the defense program. It is of record that the only clever executive action taken in 1941 by the president of one company (whose remuneration was \$230,000) was that of overbidding a competitor for a popular radio program.

THE LIGUORIAN

The rotten part of this situation is the fact that such men are the loudest and most eloquent in their appealing to ordinary citizens, the earners of 1200, 1500 and 2000 dollars a year, to do something to stop the axis aggressors. They are foursquare behind the slogans of the hour: "Buy defense bonds; buy defense stamps; buy a bomber; buy a share in America; buy freedom for all." They will have signs posted all over their plants urging employees to help the government; apotheosizing the glory of sacrifice for the great cause; encouraging those who have gone to the front for a salary of about \$1.00 a day. These aims are glorious aims; but they lose every bit of their force when they are preached by men who not only are making no visible sacrifice, but who are profiting handsomely by the "blood, sweat and tears" of war. The millions they are making are coming largely from the taxpayers out of \$1,500 incomes; if they want these to give more of their pittance freely, in God's name let them freely reduce instead of raising their own colossal incomes from the business of war.



We are not, by these tokens, to be listed among the "soak-the-rich" fanatics who cannot bear the thought that some men should receive larger incomes than others. But there are limits to everything, and this is *war*—war of extermination or survival. It is elementary common sense that if the sacrifices of the multitude are going to make millionaires and billionaires of a few, then thousands are going to think: "What's the use?" Nor shall we ever be drawn into the suicidal meshes of Communistic propaganda for destroying all private property and private initiative; but if profiteering continues, we shall understand how it is possible for simple and half-ignorant men and women to be taken in by its arguments, and how they can be driven to violent frenzy against the profiteers. The latter are forging the weapons that will be used against them; they are writing a record that may some day be shouted from the house tops to starving mobs.



For honest, straight-shooting, clear-thinking, God-fearing citizens of the United States, there are a few good lessons to be learned from the facts above. One is that they must not be taken in, when peace returns, by the propaganda of big business men against social justice on the plea that they are interested solely in the welfare of the country and the good of all its citizens. They stand convicted now by the record: that when they had a choice between serving their country and its people unselfishly and using their country's peril to enrich themselves, they chose the latter. The second lesson is that it is not the representatives of big business that make America a democracy worth fighting for; they want the opposite of a democracy; they want the control that comes from money, and that is the beginning of a new fascism or Nazism. America is great for its ordinary, simple, religious-minded men and women who are contented with a good living. There are millions of these; they are worth fighting and dying for; but they also have the obligation of study and prayer and action to bring into big business, men of principle and godliness and justice and charity like themselves.

Catholic Anecdotes

THE INVISIBLE STRENGTH

THE pupils of a Catholic elementary school were being given a routine examination by the board of health physician.

One poor little fellow came into the classroom after his examination looking rather downcast. The Sister called him aside, and asked him:

"What did the doctor say to you, Joe?"

"Sister, he said to me: 'What a miserable little specimen you are!'" The little fellow hesitated for a moment, and then said, shyly: "But he didn't know that I'd just made my First Holy Communion, Sister."

THE TIME TO PREACH

CATHOLIC preachers can learn a lesson from the retort of John Wesley to an Anglican Bishop who rebuked him for preaching too much.

"You are lowering your own dignity," said the bishop, "by being willing to speak at all times and places."

"Reverend Sir," replied Wesley, "I know of only two times that I have preached."

"And when were those occasions?" asked the Anglican worthy, ironically.

"I have preached," said Wesley, "in season and out of season."

NOT ANONYMOUS TO GOD

A POOR Irishwoman some years ago went to a priest in America and asked him to accept a sum of money from her to be sent to Ireland for the relief of the famine-stricken.

"How much can you spare for this worthy cause?" asked the priest.

THE LIGUORIAN

"I have a hundred dollars saved," said the woman, "and I can spare a hundred dollars." The priest naturally objected to this, telling her that the gift was too large, but the good woman could not be made to change her mind.

"It will do me good to know that I have been able to help a little," she said, "and I shall be able to rest more happily when I think that I have been able to save a few families from hunger."

The priest took the money, his eyes filled with tears at such great self-sacrifice.

"Now what is your name, that I may publish it along with the amount of your donation?"

"My name!" exclaimed the Irishwoman in surprise, "Sure and never you mind what my name is, Father. Just send them the money. God knows my name, and that is quite enough for me."

PLACE OF REFUGE

MAMMA," the Little Flower once said to her mother when she was still a tiny girl, "when I die will I go to heaven?"

"Yes, Therese," replied the mother, "you will go to heaven if you are good."

"And if I am bad I will go to hell?"

"Yes." The little girl was silent for a moment, then she said:

"When I die, I'm going to fly right to your arms and have you hold me tight; and if I do that, how will Our Lord be able to separate us?"

TO WIN THE WORLD

LEPEAUX was the French founder of a new religion. He once came to Barras and complained that he found only a few persons willing to follow him.

"Do you really desire to gain the world?" Barras asked.

"Yes, of course."

"Very well, I will tell you what you must do. Have yourself killed on Friday, buried on Saturday, and then rise from the dead on Sunday. If you do this, take my word for it, people will immediately believe in your new religion."

Pointed Paragraphs

To Everyman's Mother

This is the way it is.

Her hands are creased and rough now from a hundred thousand dishwashings, and her face is wrinkled from unnumbered worries. But there was a time, ah yes, a time when those hands were as smooth as a marble pillar and that face as pretty as a smiling rose. There was a time indeed when she was young and beautiful — and holy, too, as only a girl can be holy who is close to God.

It was then, thank the same God, that she met her young man. He was of her religion to be sure, but not of her nation. The latter made no difference of course, for he was the best young man in all this world. Well, she fell in love with him, and after a time brought him to the priest that he might bless them with the holy Sacrament and before the altar. And then she brought him away with her and began to build with him and for him and for the future a little nest.

It wasn't long before the tiny chicks, one after the other, began to appear in that nest, all helpless and weak and in need of her care. She gave it to them without stint and without thought of herself, for she wanted them to grow up, the boys strong and stalwart and good like their father, and the girls fair and sweet and faithful like herself. But they didn't always turn out so. Some of the little ones hardly arrived in the nest when they looked around and saw that it was truly a hard, cruel world into which they had been brought; and already they were tired of it. So they just stretched and yawned a little bit and then flew off to heaven. She had seen to it early that they had the Water poured on them, making them angels even then. But their going carved the first wrinkles in her lovely face and put threads of silver in her raven hair.

But the rest? They grew up and went to the four corners of the world to do their work. And each one has within himself and herself

wherever they may be a part of her who was their first and greatest friend — their mother.

Mothers of men, on Mother's Day, we stand before you in spirit and salute you. May God bless you and keep you always.

Stopping Wars

Why doesn't Christ stop the war?

Why doesn't Christ take over the councils and governments of men and force upon them universal peace?

Why doesn't Christ strike with His anger the man or woman who would dare by politics, greed or trickery to align nation against nation and man against man?

The answer is simple, and it has been given a hundred times.

If Christ were to take over the councils and governments of men and force peace upon them, He would be depriving them of their most precious possession — their free will. Does the abuse of a faculty necessarily demand the curtailment of its use? Should prohibition prevail because some men abuse liquor? Should free will be taken away because Hitler and Stalin and a few other dictators have abused it? If so, it should be taken away every time any man commits any kind of sin, because every sin is a conspiracy against God and one's fellow-man.

If Christ were to strike down the makers of unjust wars or every adulterer and thief, He would not be acting according to His everlasting plan. He punishes no one until the cup of iniquity is full; He condemns no one until all grace has been expended. Besides He does not have to punish in time; He has all eternity in which to bring justice out of injustice.

The proper perspective of faith shows that war is not an absolute evil. Only sin is an absolute evil. War can be a blessing in disguise in spite of the tears it causes and the blood it sheds.

St. Louis and St. Joan of Arc spent much of their lives in warfare. And they are canonized saints.

Christ was crucified and the Apostles became martyrs as a result of the equivalent of war — the hatred of men, one for another.

This much is sure. Christ is on the battlefields and in every home that knows bereavement. He is gathering up like flowers the drops of soldier blood that are honestly shed, and the tears of mothers, wives

THE LIGURIAN

and sweethearts that are falling for the one they love. He is gathering them up and with divine alchemy changing them into priceless, shining gems. Some day they will adorn their crowns in heaven.

War, for those who are fighting on the side of justice, is not and never will be an absolute evil. There is only one absolute evil, and that is sin, even though it be the sin of bitterness against God because of war.

Story of a Soldier

I met a young soldier on a train (it was in the Midwest) sometime ago who informed me that he was from an Eastern city and that he was on his way to the West coast. What he was to do when he arrived on the West coast remained for me to surmise. He further informed me that he had left at home a wonderful wife and a little son. His wife, having an independent income, gave him her full permission to enlist. Lastly, he told me that he was a convert to the Catholic religion and that his faith afforded him his greatest consolation.

"By the way, Father," he asked. "Could you tell me where I could go to Communion in Omaha tomorrow morning? I don't want to miss these days if I can possibly help it."

We talked for a while longer, and then retired to the Pullman to get ready for bed. Our berths were across from one another. As we sat on the edge of our respective beds for a moment before closing our curtains, he took out his rosary and laid it on his pillow. At my look of surprise, he said.

"Sure. I say it every day. In fact I'm going to say it now before I go to sleep." It was then eleven thirty.

We closed our curtains. My station was reached at five o'clock in the morning; so I did not see the young soldier again.

But I shall see him again. I am sure of it — provided I do *my* duty. Perhaps I won't see him on this earth. Perhaps he will fall in war and be buried in a far off land. But in that other land — yes, there I shall see him; there we shall meet. And I'll wager that the Blessed Virgin will be close at hand, maybe not so much for me, but surely for her soldier boy who said her rosary every day and who honored her Son by receiving Him whenever he could in Holy Communion.

War Profits

There was a piece in the paper sometime ago about a group of soldiers coming back from the *Front*. Perhaps your son was there and my brother. It was their first trip home in many months, and with longing they were urging the train on to reach its destination and bring them to the loved ones who were waiting.

But as trains will, this train stopped at a station. On the platform there stood a man at the side of a cart, the cart having on it bottle after bottle of fresh milk. The soldiers saw the apparition through the windows. With a whoop and a song they were out of their seats and around the vendor. They all wanted a bottle of milk, and they were willing to pay for it out of the meager scraps of their monthly \$21.

Did the man say, "No, boys. The treat's on me. Your money's no good here." He was an American. He was being defended by these very boys that he might go on selling milk and doing all the other things that freedom guarantees. Is that, then, what he said?

No, friends, it was not what he said. He saw a chance of a lifetime, and he got busy. He passed out his milk to the last bottle. The soldiers drank and laughed, and smacked their lips and drank some more. Then they asked the man what they owed him. He said,

"Sixty cents a bottle."

Yes, sixty cents a bottle! If that isn't something worse than highway robbery, then words have lost their meaning. A young man will give up his home, his sweetheart, all the things he loves in life in order to fight for his country. He will expose himself to the proximate danger of death that freedom may survive. And then his fellow citizens will use him as a means of tripling their profits from what they sell to him when he has a few days at home.

Thank God, not all America is like that. If it were, what would be the use of fighting?

Double Standards

American magazine has another story this month (May) which upholds divorce. The name of the story is *Not Made for Marriage*, of its author Anne Homer Warner, and for its theme, it has a young man leaving his wife (and little child) because she is too fussy and too neat for his masculine tastes. She won't allow him to put fish in

THE LIGUORIAN

the ice box, or smoke where he wants to smoke, etc. That gives him a full right to get a divorce, and, when he meets a young lady who is not fussy, who is not afraid of cigarette ashes or dead fish, to marry her without a qualm.

It seems perfectly in order to ask *American* a few questions.

"What of the promise the young man made to his bride the day he married her? Was it not for life? Was it not for better and *for worse*?"

American is a magazine that felt quite bitter about the treachery of the Japanese at Pearl Harbor.

American denounces with great freedom the faithlessness of the Nazis who make promises only to break them.

American would be very indignant if a man promised to pay for a year's subscription, and then refused to pay after he had received copies of the magazine for six or eight months.

"Does *American* hold that there is a different standard of morality for nations from the standard of morality for individuals? That a nation must keep a promise while an individual may break a promise because he likes to dump ashes on the parlor rug while the one to whom he has made the promise does not?"

American apparently is not consistent. A story should be written in which the Axis are justified and glorified in their promising one thing and doing the exact opposite merely because the keeping of the promise is inconvenient.

"Does *American* know anything about: 1. The Natural Law as it touches marriage? 2. The law of Christ as it is put down in the Bible? 3. The tradition of the whole Christian world up to the time of the reformation, and since that time, of the whole intelligent world?"

Every educated man knows the law of Christ.

Every intelligent man knows the Natural Law.

What are the antecedents of the editor of *American* anyway?

Boycott

* It is a custom for the All-Girl Orchestra to close their weekly broadcast with a hymn. Catholics are beginning to wonder why the girls so seldom play a Catholic hymn. After all there are close to 30,000,000 Catholics in the country. *

LIGUORIANA

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

HUMAN RESPECT

Woe to the world because of scandals. Jesus Christ has said, that through the scandals of the wicked, many souls fall into hell. But how is it possible to live in

the midst of the world and not to take scandal? This is impossible. To

avoid taking scandal, St. Paul says, we should leave this world. *Otherwise you must needs go out of this world.* But it is in our power to avoid familiarity with scandalous sinners. We should beware of contracting intimacy with such sinners; for, if we should be united with them in the bonds of friendship, we shall feel an unwillingness to oppose their bad practices and counsels. Thus, through human respect and the fear of contradicting them, we shall imitate their example, and lose the friendship of God.

Such lovers of the world not only glory in their own iniquities; but what is worse, they wish to have companions, and ridicule all who endeavor to live like true Christians and to avoid the dangers of offending God. This is a sin which is very displeasing to God, and which He forbids in a particular manner. *Despise not a man that turneth away from sin, nor reproach him therewith.* The Lord declares, that, for those who cast ridicule on the virtuous, chastisements are prepared in this and in the next life. *Judgments are*

prepared for scorners, and striking hammers for the bodies of fools. They mock the servants of God, and He shall mock them for all eternity. They endeavor to make the saints contemptible in the eyes of the world, and God shall make them die without honor, and shall send them to hell to suffer eternal ignominy among the damned.

Not only to offend God, but also to endeavor to make others offend Him, is truly an enormous excess of wickedness. This execrable intention arises from a conviction that there are many weak and pusillanimous souls, who, to escape derision and contempt, abandon the practice of virtue and give themselves up to a life of sin. How many, to avoid the scoffing of wicked friends, have been induced to imitate their wickedness. "Behold the saint," these impious scoffers will say; "get me a piece of his garment; I will preserve it as a relic. Why does he not become a monk?" How many also when they receive an insult resolve to take revenge, not so much through passion, as to escape the reputation of being cowards! How many are there who, after having inadvertently given expression to a scandalous maxim, neglect to retract it (as they are bound to do), through fear of losing the esteem of others! How many, because they are afraid of forfeiting the favor of a friend, sell their souls to the

devil! They imitate the conduct of Pilate, who, through the apprehension of losing the friendship of Caesar, condemned Jesus Christ to death.

If we wish to save our souls, we must overcome human respect, and bear the little confusion which may arise from the scoffs of the enemies of the cross of Jesus Christ. *For there is a shame that bringeth sin, and there is a shame that bringeth glory and grace.* If we do not suffer this confusion with patience, it will lead us into the pit of sin; but if we submit to it for God's sake, it will obtain for us the divine grace here and great glory hereafter. "As," says St. Gregory, "bashfulness is laudable in evil, so it is reprehensible in good."

But some of you will say: I attend to my own affairs; I wish to save my soul; why then should I be persecuted? But there is no remedy: it is impossible to serve God and not be persecuted. *The wicked loathe them that are in the right way.* Sinners cannot bear the sight of the man who lives according to the Gospel, because his life is a continual censure on their disorderly conduct. The proud man, who seeks revenge for every insult which he receives, would wish that all should avenge the offences that may be offered to him. The avaricious, who grow rich by injustice, wish that all should imitate their fraudulent practices. The drunkard wishes to see others indulge like himself in intoxication. The immoral, who boast of their impurities, and can

scarcely utter a word which does not savor of obscenity, desire that all should act and speak as they do; and those who do not imitate their conduct, they regard as mean, clownish, and intractable — as men without honor and education. *They are of the World, therefore of the world they speak.* worldlings can speak no other language than that of the world. Oh, how great is their poverty and blindness! She has blinded them, and therefore they speak so profanely. *These things they thought, and were deceived;* for their own malice blinded them.

The maxims of the world are diametrically opposed to the maxims of Jesus Christ. What the world esteems, Jesus Christ regards as folly. And what is foolish in the eyes of the world — that is, crosses, sickness, contempt, and ignominies — Jesus Christ holds in great estimation. *For the word of the cross, to them indeed that perish, is foolishness.* How, says St. Cyprian, can a man think himself to be a Christian, when he is afraid to be a Christian? If we are Christians, let us show that we are Christians in name and in truth; for, if we are ashamed of Jesus Christ, He will be ashamed of us, and cannot give us a place on His right hand on the last day. *For he that shall be ashamed of Me and my words, of him the Son of man shall be ashamed when He shall come in His majesty.* On the day of judgment He shall say: You have been ashamed of me on earth: I am now ashamed to see you with Me in Paradise. Begone.

New Books and Old

For reading during our Lady's month we recommend a very remarkable book—John W. Lynch's *A Woman Wrapped In Silence*. (Macmillan, pp. 275, \$2.00.) Father Lynch's long poem on the life of

the Blessed Virgin has aroused a measure of controversy among critics. Mr. Theodore

Maynard thinks it not very good, from a poetic standpoint. Another critic called it a failure because, as he said, the writer attempted the impossible task of fusing together the priest, the scripturist, and the poet. Why such a fusion should be impossible, granted sincerity on the one side and sufficient talent on the other, is not entirely clear to us at the moment, and with all due deference towards our betters, we hereby submit our own humble opinion that Father Lynch's poem is both very beautiful as a work of art and very consoling as a work of devotion. In a dignified and fluent blank verse, the author portrays the life of Mary, beginning in the spring just after her betrothal to Joseph, and ending with the Ascension of Our Lord into heaven. There is a strict adherence throughout to what is authorized by the Gospel accounts of Mary's life. In fact, the author places the words of the Gospel in italics by themselves throughout the poem, almost as if he feared to tamper in the slightest way with their beautiful simplicity. But he weaves in and around these texts the lovely details which they immediately suggest to our minds, or rather to the mind of a true poet. There is a delicate restraint in his manner of writing which makes a very strong appeal. The lines are full of subtle meanings which we are afraid will be entirely overlooked by readers for whom external action and splashes of color are the marks of excellence in writing. The Blessed Virgin was not a woman who acted violently or im-

A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGUORIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.

pulsively; she was modest and self-contained and thoughtful; she was, as the poet repeats again and again, a "woman wrapped in silence." But her modesty and silence were not signs of weakness.

Rather, they concealed tremendous reserves of unselfishness and heroic conformity to God's will which were stored up in her heart waiting to be expended upon the hill of Calvary. Father Lynch's portrait of Mary is a human portrait, but his touch is sure in pointing out that all her life her humanness was ruled and tempered by her close union with God's plan.

Another thoughtful little book on the Blessed Virgin Mary in prose that sometimes grows poetic is *Her Silence Speaks* by Rev. John S. Middleton (Kenedy, pp. 134, \$1.00). The chapters of this volume deal with the seven words spoken by Our Lady which are recorded in the Gospels. Here, too, as in Father Lynch's poem, we dwell lovingly with the author upon Mary's holy silence, made more striking by the few words with which she broke it. Mary, St. Luke tells us, "kept all these things in her heart;" when she spoke, it was to utter words full of meaning and from which we can derive strength and consolation whatever be our condition in life. In learning how to be fearless even in the midst of fear, to be joyful even when we are deprived of pleasure, to find our refuge in God even when we most feel our human weaknesses—this is to learn the lesson of Mary's utterances. There are some beautiful passages in Father Middleton's little volume of reflections, which should be very suitable to use for meditation during the month of May. We feel however that sometimes his use of literary devices such as alliteration is somewhat too apparent. Two further suggestions for May: *A Life of Our Lady For Children* by D. M.

Anderson (Our Sunday Visitor Press, 15c) tells in simple language the life history of Mary. *A Soul Shrine for Mary* (Sunday Visitor Press, 5c) outlines a plan for coordinating one's devotions throughout the month of May by building up a symbolic altar of prayer and good deeds.

It is a long time since we have read a book so heart-warming and amusingly tender as *Paddy the Cope* by Patrick Gallagher (Devin-Adair, pp. 320, \$2.50).

Mr. Gallagher is the founder and guiding spirit of the famous Templecrone Cooperative Society at Dungloe in Northwest Ireland, and this book is his autobiography. Paddy Gallagher, or Paddy Pat Bawn, or Paddy the Cope, did not have much opportunity for education as a boy. Life was far from prosperous for the people of his native Rosses, and a boy was expected to go to work as soon as he could contribute something to the family income. "I never became a scholar," Paddy tells us, "for I did not pass out of the second book." Years of hard work on farms in Ireland and Scotland did not take the joyousness or buoyancy out of his life, but he grew to manhood with an intense desire to better the lot of his people. In Scotland where he worked as a farm laborer and as a miner, Paddy first came in contact with the cooperative idea at Broxburn. After his marriage (which he delightfully describes), and a few years in Scotland, Paddy and his wife returned to Cleendra, their native town, to settle down. The Agricultural Bank in the district gave him his starting point for the organization of a local Cooperative or "Cope," as it soon came to be called. The first thing it effected was to secure the Cleendra farmers a supply of manure at much lower prices than those offered by the local dealers. Naturally, the merchants declared violent war on the infant "cope," but the determined and shrewd Paddy at the head of his loyal committee moved on from one success to another until the cooperative store at Dungloe became the largest establishment in the district. There were discouragements and setbacks along the way, but Paddy proved to be more than a match for the "Gombeens" or merchant monopolists who previously had had a stranglehold on the district. In a very few years as a result of the Cooperative the people of the Rosses had become independent and lived in vastly improved conditions of existence. This is

only a bare outline of Paddy's story, and we do not wish to leave the impression that the book is uninteresting. Mixed in with the story of the cooperative are a host of memories and word pictures told as only an unlettered Irishman can tell them. The prose is that simple and yet picturesque Irish way of talking which one often hears in Irish communities, but which one seldom sees in books. And beneath all the hardship and struggle of Paddy's life is that wonderful Irish buoyancy and capacity for complete enjoyment of life. The "airneals" or dances held at various homes sometimes offered only a few potatoes by way of refreshment, and only the lilt of a human voice for music, but the participants seemed to enjoy themselves to the utmost. Dorothy Canfield Fisher in her introduction to *Paddy the Cope* says that the cooperative movement needed a human book like this to give it a universal appeal and popularity. A few years ago a popular account of the famous cooperative in Antigonish, Nova Scotia (*Masters of Their Own Destiny*, by M. M. Coady, Harper's) attracted wide attention. *Paddy the Cope* should likewise find a large audience.

Mothers' Manual, a manual of devotions for mothers and expectant mothers by A. Francis Coomes, S.J. (La Leche Motherhood Shrine, St. Augustine, Florida, pp. 153, 30c), should find a wide audience among Catholic married women. It contains numerous prayers which mothers can use during the difficult periods immediately before and after childbirth and at other times during their lives, e.g., for the true spirit of motherhood, for protection of the child, for a happy married life, and many others. Along with this very appropriate and timely little prayerbook we are glad to make mention of The League of St. Gerard, with headquarters at 131 McCaul St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada. The League has as its special purpose a crusade against the forces of birth prevention or "anti-life." St. Gerard Majella was a Redemptorist lay-brother who died in 1755, and to whom a widespread devotion has sprung up as patron of expectant mothers. A pamphlet *Are We Being Defeated?* (Price, 5c) has just been published in which the aims of the League are set forth. Anyone interested in joining this very worthy crusade can do so by sending his or her name to the Central headquarters.

—L. G. M.

Lucid Intervals

The reporter came idly into the office. "Well," said the editor, "what did our eminent statesman have to say?"

"Nothing."

"Well, keep it down to a column."

"This liniment makes my arm smart."
"Why not rub some on your head?"

Dinah had been having trouble with an ulcerated tooth for some time before she got up enough courage to go to a dentist. The moment he touched her tooth she screamed bloody murder.

"What are you making such noise for?" demanded the doctor. "Don't you know that I'm a 'painless dentist'?"

"Well, sah," retorted Dinah, "mebbe yo' is painless, but Ah isn't."

"Say, Captain, I'm sick; how far are we from land?"

"About three miles."

"Which way?"

"Straight down."

Daniel Webster once goodnaturedly wrote a letter for an ignorant servant, and when he had asked him, "Is there anything else you wish to say, Mike?"

The man scratched his head and finally said, "Yes, if you please. Just say they must excuse the poor scholarship and want of sense the letter shows."

Willie got very tired of the long sermon at church.

"If we give him the money now, ma, will he let us go out?" he asked in a loud whisper.

He: "At which joint did your friend have his arm amputated?"

She: "That's a mighty disrespectful way to speak of a hospital."

"Oh, Doctor, I have sent for you, certainly; still, I must confess that I have not the slightest faith in modern medical science."

"Well," said the doctor, "that doesn't matter in the least. You see, a mule has no faith in the veterinary surgeon, and yet he cures him all the same."

Angry Guide: "Why didn't you shoot that tiger?"

The Timid Hunter: "He didn't have the right kind of expression on his face for a rug."

A negro boxer was to fight a heavy-weight champion. When he reached the ring it was noticed that he hung back.

"It's all right, Sam," said his trainer. "Just say to yourself, 'I'm going to beat him,' and you'll win."

"That's no good, boss," replied Sam. "I know what a liar I am."

Parson: "Do you know the parables, my child?"

Johnny: "Yes, sir."

Parson: "And which of the parables do you like best?"

Johnny: "I like the one where somebody loafs and fishes."

"I don't know what to give Lizzie for a Christmas present," one chorus girl is reported to have said to her mate while discussing the gift to be made to a third.

"Give her a book," suggested the other. And the first one replied meditatively, "No, she's got a book."

"What yo got in that little black bag?"

"Them's my instruments. I'm a veterinary."

"Quit yo' kiddin', man! Yo' ain't never been in no wah."

A Missiourian is responsible for this:

"There are trees so tall in Missouri that it takes two men and a boy to look to the top of them. One looks till he gets tired, then another commences where he left off."

No matter how many times a year Uncle Eli goes to the city, he just can't seem to get used to city ways, especially around restaurants. As a result, he often gets into embarrassing predicaments. Just the other day a waitress in a Washington cafe set his order before him. Picking up the small portion of steak, Eli examined it critically and said: "Yep, that's exactly what I want. Bring me some of it."

JOIN THE VISIT-FOR-VICTORY-CLUB

The most beautiful prayers in the world, apart from the Mass and the Office, addressed to the Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament, were written by St. Alphonsus Liguori.

He wrote them for busy men and women who have not time for more than a short visit to the church each day.

He wrote them for each day of the month, so that a different set of reflections and affections may be expressed each day.

He added to each visit to the Blessed Sacrament a short visit to the Mother of God.

Each day's complete visit requires from five to seven minutes of a person's time.

Hundreds are making up a daily "Visit-for-Victory-Club" — because an increase of love and devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Mother is a great means of comfort and strength during war, and a powerful means of bringing war to an end.

THE LIGUORIAN Pamphlet Office has these small "Visit" books of St. Alphonsus Liguori for sale. Join the club. The books cost only 10c each, or \$7.00 a hundred. Write for one or many to

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Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

Reviewed This Week

Ghost Town Law
Lone Star Ranger
Secret Agent of Japan
Sunset on the Desert
When Knights Were Bold
Whispering Ghosts

Previously Reviewed

Alias Boston Blackie
Always in My Heart
Arizona Bound
Arizona Terror
Babes on Broadway
Bashful Bachelor, The
Below the Border
Billy the Kid Trapped
Birth of the Blues
Blonde Comet, The
Blondie Goes to College
Born to Sing
Borrowed Hero
Bowery Blitzkrieg
Broadway Big Shot
Bugle Sounds, The
Bullets for Bandits
Burma Convoy
Cadets on Parade
Canal Zone
Castle in the Desert
Close Call for Ellery Queen
Code of the Outlaw
Come On, Danger
Corsican Brothers
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The
Cowboy Serenade
Dangerously They Live
Dawn Express, The
Don't Get Personal
Down in San Diego
Dudes Are Pretty People
Duke of the Navy
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring
Enemy Agent
Eternal Gift, The
Fighting Bill Fargo
Fingers at the Window
Forbidden Trails
Freckles Comes Home
'Frisco Lil
Gay Caballero, The
Glamour Boy
Glory of Faith, The (French)
Go West, Young Lady
Gold Rush, The
Golgotha

Half a Sinner
Hayfoot
Heart of the Rio Grande
Henry and Dizzy
Hidden Gold
House of Errors
Invaders, The
Jesse James, Jr.
Joe Smith, American
Kathleen
Kid Glove Killer
Law of the Jungle
Law of the Timber
Lawless Platoon
Legion of the Lawless
Life Begins for Andy Hardy
Life Begins in College
Little Flower of Jesus
Lone Rider in Cheyenne
Lone Rider Rides On, The
Lone Riders and the Bandit
Lone Star Law Men
Lone Star Vigilantes, The
Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me
Mad Men of Europe
Man from Headquarters
Marry the Boss's Daughter
Mayor of 44th Street
Melody Lane
Mikado, The
Military Academy
Mississippi Gambler
Mister V (British)
Mokey
Monastery
Mr. Bug Goes to Town
My Favorite Blonde
Navy Blue and Gold (reissue)
Nazi Agent
Never Give a Sucker an Even Break
Nine Lives Are Not Enough
North of the Rockies
North to the Klondike
Obliging Young Lady
On the Sunny Side
Pacific Blackout
Perpetual Sacrifice, The
Pride of the Blue Grass
Prime Minister, The
Private Snuffy Smith
Queen of Destiny
Rags to Riches
Raider of the Range
Raiders of the West
Reap the Wild Wind

Red River Valley
Remarkable Andrew, The
Remember the Day
Ride 'Em Cowboy
Raiders of the Bad Lands
Riding the Wind
Right to the Heart
Riot Squad
Road Agent
Rock River Renegade
Rolling Down the Great Divide
Scatterbrain
Scattergood Rides High
Sealed Lips
Secrets of the Lone Wolf
Sergeant York
Sing for Your Supper
Small Town Deb
Sons of the Sea
South of Santa Fe
Stage Coach Buckaroo
Stage Coach Express
Steel Against the Sky
Story of the Vatican, The
Sued for Libel
Sundown Jim
Tarzan's New York Adventure
Tarzan's Secret Treasure
Texas Manhunt
They Died with Their Boots On
This Time for Keeps
Thundering Hoofs
Thunder River Feud
Tillie the Toller
Tonto Basin Outlaws
Top Sergeant Mulligan
Torpedo Boat
To the Shores of Tripoli
Trail of the Silver Spurs
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp
Treat 'Em Rough
True to the Army
Tuxedo Junction
U-Boat 29
Underground Rustlers
Under Fiesta Stars
Unseen Enemy
Valley of the Sun
Vanishing Virginia, The
West of Cimarron
West of Tombstone
What's Cookin'
Wild Bill Hickok Rides
Yank on the Burma Road, A
Young America
You're in the Army Now

